





P. O. angl.

Collection

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32



*Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece Italy and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last:
The force of nature could no further goe,
To make a third she join'd the former two.*

Dryden.





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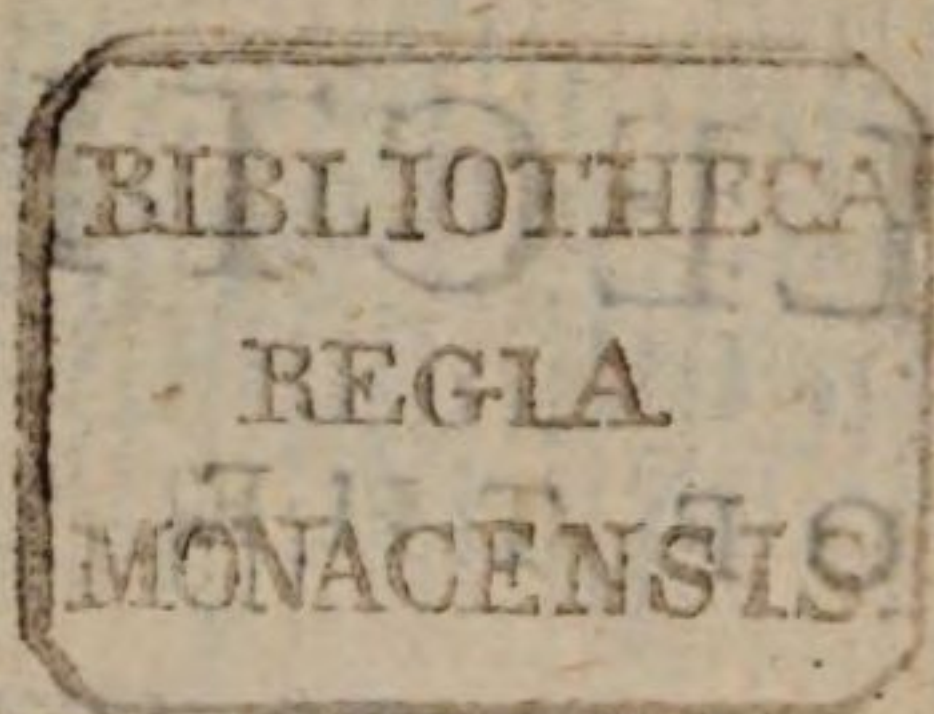


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A SELECT



By Major Philip Blake

SELECTED FROM

THE

BEST AUTHORS

VOL

1770

Printed by

H. SCHUBERT & R. J. J. J.

at the Sign of the

JULIUS CÆSAR;

A TRAGEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON;

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

M. ANTONY.

BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMMER,

CINNA,

FLAVIUS,

MURELLUS,

ARTIMEDORUS, *a Sooth-sayer.*

MESSALA,

TITINIUS,

CINNA, *the Poet.*

LUCIUS, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Conspirators against
Julius Cæsar.*

*Friends to Brutus and
Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three first Acts and beginning of
the Fourth in Rome, for the remainder of the
Fourth near Sardis, for the Fifth in the Fields of
Philippi.*



PROLOGUE.

IN country beauties as we often see
Something that takes in their simplicity;
Yet while they charm they know not they are fair,
And take without the spreading of the snare.
Such artles beauty lies in Shakespears wit,
'T was well in spite of him what e'er he writ:
His excellencies came & were not sought,
His words like casual atoms made a thought;
Drew out themselves in rank and file, and writ;
He wondering how the Devil it was such wit.
Thus, like the drunken Tinker, in his Play,
He grew a Prince, and never knew which way:
He did not know what Trope or figure meant,
But, to perswade, is to be eloquent.
So, in this Cæsar, which to-day you see,
Tully ne'er spoke as he makes Anthony.
Those then that tax his Learning, are to blame;
He knew the thing, but did not know the name.
Great Johnson did that ignorance adore;
And though he envi'd much, admir'd him more.
The faultless Johnson, equally writ well;
Shakespear made faults, but then did more excell:
One close at guard, like some old Fencer, lay;
T' other more open, but he shew'd more play.
In imitation, Johnsons wit was shown,
Heaven made his men, but Shakespear made his own:
Wise Johnson's talent in observing lay,
But others Follies still made up his Play.
He drew the like, in each elaborate line;
But Shakespear, like a master did design.

PROLOGUE.

Johnson with skill dissected humane kind,
And shew'd their faults, that they their faults might
find:

But then, as all Anatomists must do,
He to the meanest of mankind did go,
And took from gibbets, such as he would show.
Both are so great, that he most boldly dare,
Who both of 'em does judge, and both compare.
If, amongst Poets, one more bold there be,
The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.





JULIUS CÆSAR.



ACT. I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius.

Hence, home you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holy-day? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, What trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy leather apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You Sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but as you would say, a cobbler.

Mur. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe

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conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soals:

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou sawcy fellow!

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Flav. But wherefore art' not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these Men about the streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed Sir, we make holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce? — What conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome*!
Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To Towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The liev-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*.
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?

And

And do you now cull out an holy-day?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood!
 Be gone—

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good Countrymen, & for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tybers banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Commoners,

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the Images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of Men,
 And keep us all in servile tearfulness. [*Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calpurnia, Por-
 tia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,
 a Soothsayer; after them Murellus and
 Flavius.

Cæs. Calpurnia.

Cas. Peace ho, Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia.

Calp. Here, my Lord.

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Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. — *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonio*;
To touch *Calpurnia*; for our Elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still; Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the Musick,

Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What Man is that? [*March*

Bru. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Pass.

[*Exeunt.* Manent *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gamesom; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that's in *Antony*.

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I observe of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love that I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friends, that love you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: if have veil'd my looks,

JULIUS CAESAR. 5

I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to my self,
 Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviour.
 But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
 Among which number *Cassius* be you one,
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other Men.

Cas. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No *Cassius*; for the eye sees not him self,
 But by reflexion by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just; —
 And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard
 Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
 Except immortal *Caesar*, spoke of *Brutus*,
 And groaning underneath this Age's yolk,
 Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*
 That you would have me seek into my self,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
 And since you know you cannot see your self,
 So well as by reflection; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to your self
 That of your self, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*.
 Were I a common laughier, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protestor; if you know
 That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,

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And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess my self in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the People
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*;
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell, what you and other Men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lieve not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.

J U L I U S C Æ S A R. 11

I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*,
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*. And this Man
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body;
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cryed—Give me some drink, *Titinius*—
 As a sick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A Man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick World,
 And bear the Palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout?
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow World
 Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find our selves dishonorable graves.

Men at some times are masters of their Fates:
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
 But in our selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*! What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,

That

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That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd,
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?

When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide Walls incompast but one Man?

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only Man.

O! you and I have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th'eternal Devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim.
 How I have thought of this, and of these times
 I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time,
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 Than to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his sower fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so: But look you, *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth blow on *Cæsar's* brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and *Cicero*

Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in conference by some Senators.

Cas. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. *Antonio*.

Ant. *Cæsar*.

Cas. Let me have Men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yon *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much;
He is a great Observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of Men. He loves no Plays;
As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no Musick:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such Men as he be never at hearts ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf;
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Ex. Cæsar and his Train*]

Cas. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak
with me?

Bru. Ay *Casca*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day;
That *Cæsar* looks so sad?

Cas. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd

Cas. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
hand,

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hand, thus, and then the People fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice, what was the last cry for?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Casc. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Casc. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*?

Casc. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown; yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casc. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casc. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down; if the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre I am no true man.

Bru:

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Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casc. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a Man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their 'Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alas, good Soul — and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casc. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casc. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casc. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek*, to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarffs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, If I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, *Casca*?

Casc. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casc. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casc. Do so: Farewel both.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle when he went to School.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble entreprize,

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However he puts on this tardy form:

This rudeness is a sawceto his good wit,
Which gives Men stomach to digest his words
With better appetites.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: 'till then, think of the World.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well *Brutus*, thou art noble: Yet I see
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherin obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.

And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *Casca* with his Sword
drawn, and *Cicero*.

Cic. Good-even, *Casca*, brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casc. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But

But never 'till to-night, never 'til now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in Heav'n,
 Or else the World, too sawcy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cæs. A common Slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, I ha' not since put up my sword,
 Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly Women,
 Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw
 Men all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the Bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the Market place,
 Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,
 These are their reasons, they are natural:
 For I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed; it is a strange disposed time:
 But Men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæs. He doth. For he did bid *Antonio*
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Cæsar*; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Cæs. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit *Cicero*.]

Enter *Cassius*.

Cæs. Who's there?

B

Cæs.

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Casc. A Roman.

Casf. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casc. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Casf. A very pleasing night to honest Men.

Casc. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Casf. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.

For my part I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the Thunder-stone:

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of Heav'n, I did present my self,

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casc. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
Heav'ns?

It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Casf. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,

Or else you use not; You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heav'ns.

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind

Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate;

Why all these things change from their ordinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,

That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning,

Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a Man,

Most like this dreadful Night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and tears,

As doth the Lion in the Capitol:

A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casc. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casc. Indeed, they say, the Senators, to-morrow,
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and land
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony Tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But life, being weary of these wordly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casc So can I:

So every Bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lion, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, oh Grief

20 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing Bondman; Then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casc. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a Man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch; for now this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the Element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casc. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I 'm glad glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*! If you could but win
The noble *Brutus* to our party--

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper
And look you lay it in the *Prætors* Chair,

Where

JULIUS CÆSAR. 21

Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us;
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theater.

[*Exit. Cinna.*]

Come *Casca*, you and I will yet eer day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casc. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, & his worth, & our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after mid-night, and eer day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T I I.

S C E N E I. *A Garden.*

Brutus.

What *Lucius*! ho! ...

I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day ... *Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: And for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general He would be crown'd ...
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him ... that ...
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with:
Th'abuse of Greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd,
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So *Cæsar* may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found

This

This paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the Letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, Boy, the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalendar, & bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:

Shall Rome... speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt;

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, ... Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress ... Am I entreated thus

To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen days. [Knock within

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, some body knocks.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing;

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the State of Man,

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,

The nature of an infurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter; [*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every Man of them: and no man here
But honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither,

Cas. This *Decius Brutus*.

Bru.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. These *Casca*, *Cinna*, & *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves,
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casc. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casc. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of Men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted Tyranny rage on,
'Till each Man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of Women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond,
Than secret *Romans* that have spoke the word,
And will not falter? And what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear Priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our Spirits,
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath. When every drop of blood
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casc. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy mens voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casc. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet
Mark-Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
 Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.
 For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*,
 Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Cassius*.
 We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,

And

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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And in the spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him, as a dish fit the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*...

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself take thought and die for *Cæsar*.
And that were much he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not dye;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Bru. Peace, count the clock. [Clock strikes,

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Where *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no;
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once,
Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Duc]

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, Elephants with holes;
 Lions with toils, and Men with Flatterers.
 But when I tell him, he hates Flatterers.
 He says he does, being then most flattered,
 Let me work;
 For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cæs. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
 Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*:
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
 He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons:
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cæs. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,

Brutus.

And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
 What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
 Let not our looks put on our purposes,
 But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
 And so good morrow to you every one. [Exeunt]

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius*! fast asleep? It is no matter;
 Enjoy the hony heavy-dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busie care draws in the brains of Men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning,

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Museing, and sighing, with your Arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungente looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head;
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every Man:
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus? sick and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dark morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night;

And

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
 You have some sick offence within your mind;
 Which, by the right and vertue of my place,
 I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, your self, your half.
 Why you are heavy, and what Men, to-night,
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I your self,
 But as it were in sort, or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret:
 I grant I am a woman but withall,
 A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife,
 I grant I am a Woman, but withal,
 A Woman well reputed; *Cato's* daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex;
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving my self a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods;

Render me worthy of this noble Wife. [Knock]

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the character of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.

[Exit *Portia*.]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with you;

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how!

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*,

To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*;

Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,

Thou like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you;

To do I know not what: But it sufficeth

That

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Thunder.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-Gown.

Cæs. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath *Calpurnia* in her sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho; they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threatned me;
Ne'er look'd but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the streets.

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the clouds,

In

In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war.
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battel hurried in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying Men did groan;
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyoud all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: For these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen;
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The Valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear!
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come. *Enter a Servant.*

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear:
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day.

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy *Cæsar*:
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my Wife, stays me at home:
Because she dreamt last night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signi-

JULIUS CÆSAR. 35

Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great Men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.

This, by *Calpurnia's* dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsars* Wife shall meet with better dreams.
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love,
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Csar. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calpurnia*!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsa, Trebonius,
Cinna, and Publius.*

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*; are you stir'd so early too?

Good-morrow, *Cæsa*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a-clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesie,

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day,

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar I will; and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together,

Bru. That every like is not the same. O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Artimedorus reading a Paper.

Cæsar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*, come
not near *Caeca*, have an Eye to *Cinna*, trust not *Trebo-*
nus, mark well *Metellus Cimber*. *Decius Brutus* loves
thee not; thou hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*. There
is but one mind in all these Men, and it is bent against
Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee: *Secu-*
rity gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend
thee. Thy lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,

And as a Suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that *Virtue* cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If

If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here gain
E'er I can tell thee what thou shouldst do t ...
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a Man's mind, but a Woman's might:
How hard it is for Women to keep counsel! ...
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
Whar *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press to him,
Hark Boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good Lady,

Por. What is't a-clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. [him?]

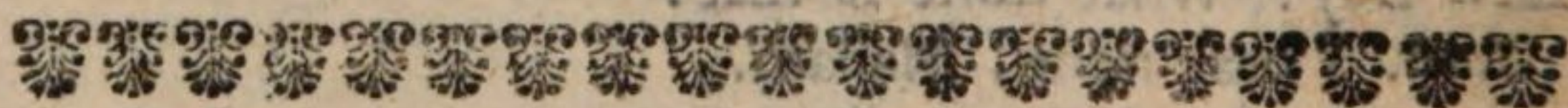
Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards

Art. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow;
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [Exit.]

Por. I must go in... Aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*!
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.]



A C T. I I I.

SCENE I. *The Capitol.*

Flourish. Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*,
Casca, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Publius*, *Tre-*
bonius, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Arte-*
midorus, *Popilius*, & the Soothsayer.

Cæsar.

THE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*. Read this schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leifure, this his humble Suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the Fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capirol.

Pop. I wish your entreprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What entreprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our entreprize might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cæs. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant!

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cæs. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, & most puissant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat, [Kneling.
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*,
These couchings, and these lowly curtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary Men,
 And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
 Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
 To think, that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality,
 With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet words,
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base Spaniel fawning.
 Thy Brother by Decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
 Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What *Brutus*!...

Cæs. Pardon *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, pardon;
 As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, If I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern Star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the Firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine,
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the World, 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
 And Men are flesh and blood, & apprehensive;
 Yet in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;
 That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,

And

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar*...

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*...

Cæs. do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel

Casca. Speak hands for me. [They stab *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Et tu *Brute*... Then fall *Cæsar*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead...

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Strets...

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still, Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar's*
Should change...

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them *Publius*.

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter *Trebonius*.

Cæs. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that Men stand upon.

Casc. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,

C 5 Cuts

42 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit?
So are we *Cæsar's* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing Death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood,
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cæs. Stoop then, & wash.. How many Ages hence
[*Dipping their Swords in Cæsar's blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* basis lyes along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every Man away;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels,
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Eru. Soft, who comes here? A Friend of *Antony's*.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. kneeling] Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [kneel;
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say;
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead

So

So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazard of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant Roman;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him, come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and by my Honour
 Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony

Bru. But here comes *Antony*;
 Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
 Are all thy Conquests, Glorys, Triumphs, Spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?... Fare thee well.
 I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend;
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I my self, there is no hour so fit
 As *Cæsar's* deaths hour; nor no Instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this World.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
 Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find my self so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
 The choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Beg not your death of us:
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel;

As,

44 JULIUS CAESAR:

As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
 And this, the bleeding business they have done.
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful.
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
 As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you, our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
 Our arms no strength of malice, & our hearts
 Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts & reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any Mans,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each Man tender me his bloody hand.
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
 Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
 Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Casca*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*;
 Gentlemen all... alas, what shall I say!
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, o 'tis true;
 If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy toes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It

It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius* ... here wast thou bay'd, brave *Hart*,
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *lethe*.
 O World! thou wast the Forest to this *Hart*,
 And this indeed, O World, the *Hart* of thee,
 How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,
 Dost thou here lye?

Cas. *Mark Antony*...

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*!

The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends?
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; But was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place,
 And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you...
 You know not what you do; do not consent
 That *Antony* speak in his funeral: [*Aside.*
 Know you how much the People may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,

I will my self into the Pulpit first,
 And shew the reason of our *Cæsars* death;
 What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave, and by permission;
 And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
 Have all true rites, and lawfull ceremonies;
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark *Antony*, here take you *Cæsars* body;
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
 And say you do't by our permission:
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his Funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us [*Exeunt*].

Manet *Antony*.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest Man
 That ever lived in the tide of Times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds, now do I prophesie,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of Men,
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quarter'd with the hands of War:
 All Pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds,

And

And *Caesar's* Spirit ranging for revenge,
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth...

O *Caesar*! [Seeing the Body]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;

Passion I see is catching, for mine eyes.

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Begin to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lyes to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanch'd

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,

No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet.

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while.

Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this coarse

Into the Market-place: There shall I try

In my Oration, how the People take

The cruel issue of these bloody Men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with *Cæsar's* body.]

SCENE I I. *The Forum.*

*Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius,
 with the Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus

Bru. Then follow me, & give me audience, Friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers:
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
 And publick reasons shall be rendered
 Of *Cæsars* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, & compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.*

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and lovers, hear me for my
 cause, and be silent that you may hear. Believe me
 for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour that
 you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and,
 awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If
 there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsars*,
 to him I say, that *Brutus*' love to *Cæsar* was no less than
 his. If then, that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose a-
 gainst *Cæsar*, this is my answer. Not that I lov'd *Cæsar*
 less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar*
 were living, and dye all Slaves, than that *Cæsar* were
 dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep
 for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he
 was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious,
 I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his for-
 tune, Honour for his valour, and death for his Am-
 bition? Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man?
 If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here
 so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak;
 for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will
 not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I
 offended... I pause for a reply...

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no
 more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question
 of

of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Here comes his body, mourned by *Mark Antony*; who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live. [house]

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsars* better parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen...

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsars* corps, and grace his Speech

Tending to *Cæsars* glories, which *Mark Antony*;

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a Man depart,

Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [Exit]

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair;

We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*!

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best to speak no harm of *Brutus* here

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* ...

All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Contrymen, lend me your ears.

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil that Men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with the bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,

So are they all, all honourable Men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsars* Funeral.

He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious,

And sure he is an honourable Man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?

O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And Men have lost their reason ... Bear with me.
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place [Crown

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
 Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World; now lyes he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 Who, you all know, are honourable Men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable Men.

But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;
 Let but the Commons hear this Testament,

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,
 And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsars* wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a Hair of him for memory,

And dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the will; we will hear *Cæsar's* Will

Ant. Have patience, gentle Friends, I must not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but Men:

And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad,

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,

For if you should... O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read us the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:
You shall read us the Will; read *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot my self to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honorable Men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*... I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were Traitors. They honourable Men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were Villains, Murderers. The Will,
read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will;

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,

And let me shew you him that made the Will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A Ring, stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*... most noble *Antony*!

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back... room... bear back...

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle, I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers evening in his Tent;

That day he overcame the *Nervii*...

Look! in this place, ran *Cassius* dagger through...

See what a rent the envious *Casca* made...

Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stab'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it...
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
 Judge, O you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of *Pompeys* Statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen!

Then I, and you and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* vesture wounded! Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge!

About ... seek ... burn ... fire ... kill ... slay?

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen ...

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll dye with him ...

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny;

They that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will no doubt with reasons answer you.

I come not, Friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,
 That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
 That gave me publick leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, not worth,
 Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir Mens blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
 Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*,
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny ...

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what;
 Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas you know not; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true ... the Will ... let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seal.

To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To every several Man, seventy five Drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most Noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
 His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
 On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
 And to your Heirs for ever; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another!

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the Traitors houses,
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms windows, any thing?

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him,
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like Madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantasie;
I have not will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchelor

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchelor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly; wisely and truly; wisely, I say... I am a Batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceeded directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; Come brands, ho, firebrands: To *Brutus*; to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius'* house, and some to *Cæsa's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians.*]



A C T. I V.

SCENE I. Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Antony.
THese many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your Brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
 Who is your Sisters Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot, I damn him;
 But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house;
 Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
 How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit *Lepidus*.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
 Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit
 The threefold World divided, he should stand
 One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
 And took his voice, who should be prickt to die,
 In our black Sentence and proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you,
 And though we lay these honours on this Man,
 To ease our selves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold;
 To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty Ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
 But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
 I do appoint him store of provender.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion, govern'd by my spirit.
 And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
 A barren spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations,
 Which out of use, and stall'd by other Men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
 Listen great things ... *Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd
 Our best Friends made, and our best means stretch out:
 And let us presently go sit in Council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bayed about with many Enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Before Brutus' Tent, in
 the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius
 and Pindarus, meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc

Luc. Give the Word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble Master will appear
Such as as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*, ...
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling. Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his Army on!

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the Word along

Within

Within. Stand! Stand! Stand!

Cas. Most noble Brother! you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them ...

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*,
Do you the like, and let no man come near
Our Tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Then let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell, and mart your offices for Gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm!
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru.

JULIUS CÆSAR. 67

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefor hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!...

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?...
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to, you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more. I shall forget my self...
Have mind upon your health... Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, flight Man.

Cas. Is't possible? ...

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way, and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a Mad-man stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this;

Bru. All this? Ay more. Fret'till your proud heart break
Go shew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I budge!
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you; For from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter.

When

44 JULIUS CÆSAR.

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Soldier,
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ... You wrong me;
Brutus;

I said, an elder Soldier, not a better.

Did I say beter? ...

Bru. If you did, I care not.

[*me.*

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempered him.

Cas. I durst not! ...

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him! ...

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of Gold; which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me? Was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods, with all your der-bolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not ... He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back ... *Brutus* hath riv'd my
heart

A Friend should bear his Friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Bru. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ... Within, a heart
Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than Gold;
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*

Bru. Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, Dishonour shall be humour.
O, *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas.

70 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cas. Do you confefs ſo much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter Lucilius and Titinius, and a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You ſhall not come to them

Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame you Generals! what do you mean?
Love and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more years I'm ſure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha... how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; ſawcy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faaſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging Fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, he gone. [*Exit. Poet.*

Bru. *Lucius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to-night.

Cas. And come your ſelves, & bring *Meffala* with you
Immediately to us. (*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius,*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bow of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. *Cassius*, I am ſick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru.

Bru. No Man bears sorrow better ... *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*! ...

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so!

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*:

Have made themselves so strong: For with her death

That tydings came. With this she fell distract,

And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers,

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of Wine
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the Wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*;
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters;

That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward *Phillippi*.

Mes. My self have letters of the self-same tenure.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by Proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,

E

Have

Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy Senators , that dy'd
By their proscriptions ; *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one? ...

Mes. Yes *Cicero* is dead ;
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your Wife , my Lord?

Bru. No , *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing , *Messala*.

Mes. That , methinks , is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her , in yours?

Mes. No , my Lord.

Bru. Now , as you are a *Roman* , tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman* , bear the truth I tell ,
For certain she is dead , and by strange manner.

Bru. Why , farewell , *Portia* ... we must die *Messala*.
With mediating that she must die once ,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great Men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you ,
But yet my nature could not bear it so

Bru. Well , to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is .

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us ,
So shall he waste his means , weary his Soldiers ,
Doing himself offence : whilst we lying still ,
Are full of rest , defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground ,
Do stand but in a fore'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The Enemy , marching along by them ,
By them shall make a fuller number up ,

Come

Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there;
 These people at our back.

Caj. Hear me, good Brother..:

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends;
 Our Legions are brim full; our Cause is ripe;
 The Enemy encreaseth every day,
 We at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of Men,
 Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full Sea, are we now a-float;
 And we must take the current when it serves;
 Or lose our ventures.

Caj. Then with your will go on; we will along
 Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And Nature must obey necessity,
 Which we will niggard with a little rest;
 There is no more to say.

Caj. No more; good night;
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence;

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown? farewell, good *Messala*;
 Good-night, *Titinius*: Noble *Cassius*,
 Good-night, and good repose.

Caj. O my dear Brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the night;
 Never come such division'tween our Souls;
 Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good-night, my Lord.

Bru. Good-night, good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good-night, Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewell every one. [*Exeunt*

Give me the gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily;
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius*.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you; we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; ly down, good Sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee,

[*Musick and a Song*
This

This is a sleepy tune ... O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good-night,
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*

Bru. Well ... then I shall see thee again ...

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*. [Exit *Ghost*.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,

Ill Spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! *Lucius*! *Varo*! *Claudius*! Sirs! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strinks, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord! ...

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*,

70 JULIUS CÆSAR:

Fellow! Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*.
Bid him set on his Powers betimes, before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt*]



A C T V.

SCENE I. *the Fields of Philippi,
with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come down;
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

En-

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediatly.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battel softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir, not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying, Long live, hail *Cæsar*.

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees;
And leave them honey-less.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.

You shew'd your teeth like Apes, and fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* feet;
 Whilst damned *Cassia*, like a Cur, behind
 Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O you Flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank your self;
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,
 If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Behold, I draw a Sword against Conspirators:
 When think you that the Sword goes up again?
 Never 'till *Cæsar's* three and thirty wounds
 Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
 Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
 Unless thou bringst them with thee.

Octa. So I hope
 I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young Man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

Cas. A peevish School-boy, worthy of such honour,
 Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away.
 Defiance, Traitors, hurl we in your teeth,
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the Field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Ex. Octavius, Antony, and Army.*]

Cas. Why now blow wind, swell billow & swim bark
 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*, ... hark a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day; as this very day
 Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*;
 Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
 You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his opinion; now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign,
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd;
 Gorgeing and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
 Who to *Philippi* here conformed us:
 This morning are they fled away, and gone,
 And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our Army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now most noble *Brutus*,
 The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.
 But since the affairs of Men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this Battel, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy;
 By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
 Which he did give himself (I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life) arming my self with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high Powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
 You are contented to be led in Triumph,

Thorough the Streets of *Rome*?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not thou noble *Roman*
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*.
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come?
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt*.]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side. [*Loud Alarum*.]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius* wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt*.]

Alarums Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My self have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the Word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy spurs in him;
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon Troops are Friends or Enemys.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
My fight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Now *Titinius*! Now some light... O he lights too...
He's ta'en... And hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom,
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword... *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills him.*]

Pin. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*

76 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Cassius*' Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set: Our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, & dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus*! Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy brow;
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,

And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.

By your leave, Gods ... This is a *Roman's* part,

Come *Cassius* sword, and find *Titinius* heart.

[*Stabs himself, & dies.*]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,

Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [Low *Alarums*]

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?

Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well,

It is impossible that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time...

Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,

Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,

And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,

Labio and *Flavius*, let our Battels on;

'Tis three a clock, and *Romans*, yet ere night,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*,
and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Countrys Friend: know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down;

Why now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General.
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord,

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame;
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This it not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this Man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of Friends, rest on this rock

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*... [*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill my self.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*...

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O *Dardanius*!

Dar. O *Clitus*.

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*; look he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last night, herein *Philippi Fields*.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the pit. [*Low Alarum*.]
It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knowest that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum still*.]

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, *Volumnius*;
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep,
Farewel to thee too *Strato*, Countrymen,
My Heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no Man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almost ended his lifes history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly ...

Bru. Hence; I will follow;
I prethee, *Strato*, slay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

80

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face;
While I do run upon it Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*... *Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the Army.

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Masters Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no Man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*;
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilbius*' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them;
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee;
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, this was a Man.

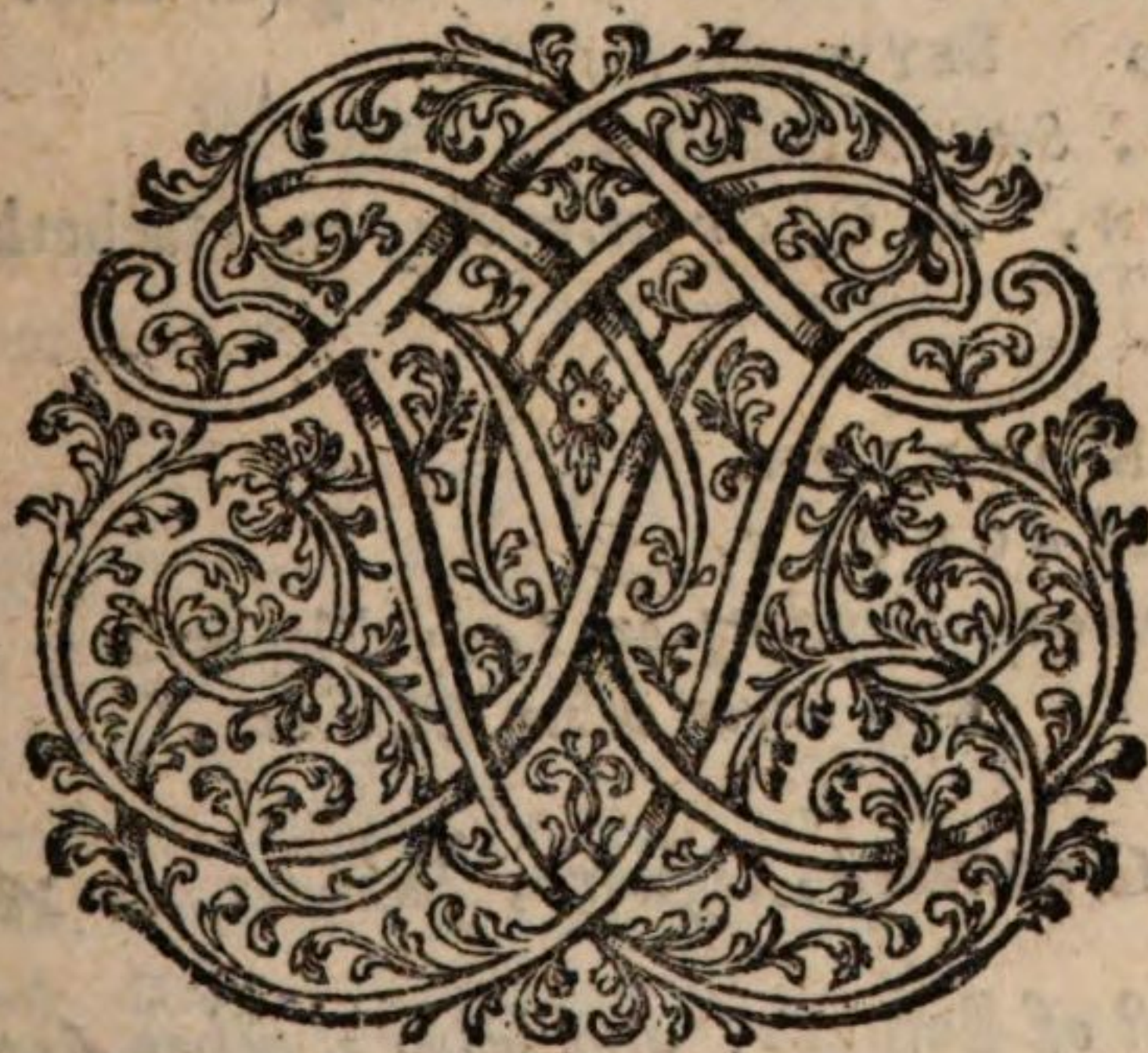
Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the Field to rest, and let's away;
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON;
Printed for the Company.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *Sons to the King.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

LENOX,
MACDUFF,
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SEYWARD, *General of the English Force*

YOUNG SEYWARD *his Son.*

A BOY, *Son to Macduff.*

SEATON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Doctor.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth

HECATE, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, & Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

*The SCENE in the end of the fourth Act lyes in
England, through the rest of the Play in Scotland,
and chiefly at Macbeths Castle.*



MACBETH;

A

TRAGEDY.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *An open Heath.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

I W I T C H.

WHEN shall we three meet again,
In Thunder, Lightning, & in rain?

1 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be e're set of Sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 Witch. I come, Gray-Malkin. (*A shriek like an owl.*)

All. *Padock calls---anon---* Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy Air.

[They rise from the Stage, and fly away.]

4 THE TRAGEDY

SCENE II. *A Palace.*

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
'Gainst my Captivity. Hail, hail, brave Friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The merciless *Macdonnell*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glass is supply'd;
And Fortune on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak;
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht steel,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valours Minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the Slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bad farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops;
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin! Worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflexion,
Shipwracking Storms and direful Thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come

Dis-

of M A C B E T H.

5

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the *Norweyan* Lord surveying vantage,
With furbisht Arms, and new supplies of Men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captains, *Macbeth* & *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrows Eagles or the Hare the Lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled stroaks upon the Foe:
Whether they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell---

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help---

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy Wounds,
They smack of Honour both: Go, get him Surgeons.
Who comes here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our People cold.

Norway himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish Spirit: And to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness!

A 3

Rosse.

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Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the *Norwegian King*,
Craves composition :

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at *St. Colmes-kill*,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his Death,
And with his former Title, greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. - *Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, Sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing Swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A Sailors Wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:

Give me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cries.

Her Husband's to *Aleppe* gone, Master o'th' Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a rat without a tail,

I'll do---I'll do--- and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind;

1 *Witch.* Th'art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other;

And the very points they blow,

All the quarters that they know,

I'th' Shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary fen' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be lost.
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, shew me.

1. *Witch*. Here, I have a Pilots thumb;
Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within*

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum, *Macbeth* doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers
and other Attendants.*

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? --- What are
these?

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th'Inhabitants of th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you ought
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. --- You should be Women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch*. All hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee, Thane of
Glames!

[*Cawdor*!

2 *Witch*. All hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee Thane of

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3 *Witch.* All hail, *Macbeth*, that shalt be King here-
after!

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I'th' name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner,
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of Time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, tho' ne'er thou shalt
be one.

So all hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers. Tell me more:
By *Sineis* Death I know I am *Thane* of *Glames*;
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives.
A prosperous Gentleman: and to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetic greeting? —
Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has;
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the Wind.

Would

of M A C B E T H. 9

Would they had staid.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Mac. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th'self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy success, and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the Rebels Fight,
His wonder and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyen* Ranks
Nothing afraid, of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of Death. As thick as Tale
Came Post with Post; and every one did hear
Thy praises in his Kingdoms great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our Royal Master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*!
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy Judgment bears that life,

Which

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Which he deserves to lose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did the Rebel line with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both sides he labour'd
In this his Country's wrack, I know not.
But Treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glames, and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*

Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?

[*To Banquo.*

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you into the Crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The Instruments of darkness tell us truths.
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

[*To Ross and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told. [*Aside.*

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated Heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of Nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,

Shakes

Shakes so my single state of Man,
That function is smother'd in surmise;
And nothing is, but what is not.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why Chance
may crown me

[*Aside.*

Without my stir.

Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.

Kind Gentlemen, your pains are registred,
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.

Let us toward the King. Think upon [*To Banquo.*

What hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The *interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough:

Come, Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back;
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he

Cone

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Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highness' pardon;
And set forth a deep repentance.
Nothing in his life became him, like the lea-
ving it.

He died as one that studied in his Death,
To throw away the dearest thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art
To find the minds construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse and
Angus.*

O worthiest Cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before;
That swiftest wind of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine: Only I've left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing, it pays it self.
Your Highness' part is to receive our duties;
And our duties are to your Throne and State,
Children and Servants; which do but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo;
That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known,
No less to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, & *Thanes*,
And you, whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcom*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of Nobleness, like Stars shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to *Inverness* —
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! — that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, *Aside*.
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. *Exit*.

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome [*Exeunt*.
It is a peerless Kinsman.

SCENE V. *An Apartement in Macbeths Castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone reading a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of Success; and I
have lear'd by the perfect'st report, they have more
in

*in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in
desire to question them further, they made themselves
Air, into which they vanish'd. Whilst I stood rapt
in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King,
who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Tit-
le before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and re-
ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King
that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st
not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy Heart,
and farewell.*

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.
Thou'dst have, great Glamis, that which cries,
Thus thou must do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden round,
Which Fate and Metaphisical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.*

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings;

Mes The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true: Our *Thane* is coming,
One of my Fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great News. The Raven himself is hoarse;
[*Exit Messenger*]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlemens. Come all you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring Ministers.
Where-ever in your sightless substances,
You wait on Natures mischief. Come, thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy-Cawdor! [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter.
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady.

Lady. O never
 Shall Sun that morrow see.
 Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a book', where Meri
 May read strange matters to beguile the time.
 Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like th' innocent flow'r,
 But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch,
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
 Give solely Sovereign sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
 To alter favour ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Castle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat; the Air
 Kindly and sweetly recommends it self
 Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summer,
 The Temple-haunting Martlet does approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the Heav'n's breath,
 Smells wooigly here: There's no jutting frieze,
 Buttice, nor coigne of vantage, but this Bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle.
 Where they most breed, and haunt, I have observ'd;
 The Air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See ! see , our honour'd Hostess !
The love that follows us , sometime is our trouble ;
Which still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains ,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our Service ,
In every point twice done , and then done double ;
Were poor , and single business , to contend
Against those Honours deep and broad , wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House : For those of old
And the late Dignities heap'd up to them ,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor* ?
We cours'd him at the heels , and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor : But he rides well ,
And his great Love , sharp as his spur , hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and Noble Hostess ;
We are your Guest to-night.

Lady. Your Servants ever ,
Have theirs , themselves , and what is theirs in compt ,
To make their audit at your Highness pleasure ,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand ,
Conduct me to mine Host , we love him highly ;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave , Hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *An Apartment.*

*Hautboys , Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes
and Services over the Stage. Then Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done , when 'tis done , then 'twere
well

It were done quickly ; if the Assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all , and the end-all — here,
 But here, upon this bank and school of time —
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague th'ingredience of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
 First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murtherer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan* ;
 Hath born his faculty so meek ; hath been
 So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
 Will plead like Angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off :
 And Pity, like a naked new-born Babe,
 Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin hors'd
 Upon the fightless Carriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
 And falls on t'other side. —

Enter Lady.

How now ! What news !

Lady. He has almost sup'd ; why have you left the
 Chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady. Know you not, he has !

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest your self? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act, and valour;
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a Coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Prethee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a Man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady. What Beast was't then,
That made you break this entreprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a Man,
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the Man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me---
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dasht the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? —

Lady. We fail!
But screw your Courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his days hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Waffel, so convince,
That Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of Reason

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A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep,
Their drenched natures lye as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What, not put upon
His spungy Officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell!

Macb. Bring forth Men children only:
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat;
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeant.*]



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I. *a Hall.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

B A N Q U O.

How goes the night, Boy?

Fle. The Moon is down: I have not heard the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle.

Fle. I take't 'tis later, Sir,

Ban. Hold, take my Sword; there's husbandry in Heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too,
A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Powers
Restrain in me the curfed thoughts, that Nature
Gives way to in repose.
Give me my Sword. Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Macb. A Friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? The King's abed,
He hath been in unusual pleasure;
And sent forth a great largess to your Officers.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it up in measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weyward Sisters;
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while.

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my drink's ready,

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She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
 Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee ---
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still:
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but
 A Dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form, as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still,
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecates* Offerings; and wither'd Murther,
 Alarum'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, toward his design
 Moves like a Ghost. Thou sure and firm set Earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whilst I treat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(*A Bell rings.*)

I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me.
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold;
 What

What hath quencht them, hath given me fire. Hark! Peace
It was the Owl that shriek'd, the fatall Bell-Man,
Which gives the stern'st good night—He is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited Grooms [possets,
Do mock their charge with inores; I've drugg'd their
That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? What ho?—

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And'tis not done; the attempt, and not the deed
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't—My Husband!

Macb. I have done the deed---Didst not thou hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the Owl scream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lyes i'th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. [Murther.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd
That they did wake each other; I stood, and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God blefs us, and Amen the other;
As they had seen me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God blefs us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought, after
these ways;

So, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more
Macbeth does murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each days life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great natures second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.

Lady Who was it that thus cry'd; Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid, to think what I have done:

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose:

Give me the Daggers: the sleeping and the dead,
Are but as Pictures; 'tis the eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

[*Starting.*

How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hand are here? Hah! they pluck out mine eye?
Will

Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*

I hear a knocking at the south-entry ;
Retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed ;
How easie is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Hark , more knocking, [*Knock.*

Get on your Night-gown , lest occasion call us .

And shew us to be Watchers ; be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts. [*Knock*

Macb. To know my deed , 'twere best not know
my self.

Wake *Duncan* with this knocking , I would thou
could'st. [*Exeunt*

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: If a Man were
Porter of Hell-Gate, he should have old turning the
key *Knock.* Knock. knock, knock, Who's there, i'th'
name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd him-
self on th'expectation of plenty . Come in time, have
napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock, Who's there in th'other Devils name?
Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could swear in
both the scales, against either scale; who committed
Treason enough for Gods sake, yet could not equivo-
cate to Heaven. Oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock-
knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *En-*

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glifh Taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* Hofe: Come in, Taylor, here you may roast your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you! But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was is so late, Friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lye so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second Cock: And drink, Sir, is a geat provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, & Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him, and it mars him? it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometimes, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len.

Len. Good-morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good-morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain :
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my
limited Service. [Exit Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does ; he did appoint so.

Len. The Night has been unruly ; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down. And , as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' Air, strange screams of death
And prophelying , with accents terrible,
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time.

The obscure Bir'd clamor'd the lieve-long night,
Some say the Earth was feaverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive , nor name thee...

Macb. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple , and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life...

Len.

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak your selves: awake! awake!...

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum Bell.... Murther! and Treason!....

Banquo, and *Donalbaine*! *Malcolme*! awake!

Shake off this downy Sleep, Deaths counterfeit,

And look on Death it self,...up, up, and see

The great Dooms image! *Malcome*! *Banquo*!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,

To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell....

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley,

The Sleepers of the house? Speak, speak.

Macb. O gentle Lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak,

The repetition in a womans ear,

Would murther as it fell. O *Banquo*, *Banquo*!

Enter Banquo.

Our Royal Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our House?.....

Ban Too cruel, any where.

Dear *Duff*, I prithee contradict thy self,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: For from this instant,

There's

There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown, and Grace is dead;
The Wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Don. What 's amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royal Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ?

Len. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No Mans life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ———

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furi-
ous,

Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No Man.

The expedition of my violent Love

Out run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs, look'd like a breach in Nature,

For ruins wastful entrance; there the Murtherers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their Daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain

That had a heart to love, and in that heart,

Courage, to make's love known ?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! ——— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don.

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false Man does eafie. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune,
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens smiles; the near in blood;
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way,
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse:
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; ther's warrant in that theft,
Which steals it self, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse Ah, good Father,
Thou seest the Heavens, as troubled with Mans act,
Threatens his bloody stage: By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't nights predominance, or the days shame,
That darkness does the face of Earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* horses,
A thing most strange and certain!
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with Mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so;
To th'amazement of mine eyes, that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse.

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Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. Gainst Nature still;
Thriftless Ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own lives means. Then 'tis most like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmeskill*,
The sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there; adieu.
Lest our old Robes fit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt.

ACT



A C T I I I.

S C E N E I. *A Royal Apartment.*

B A N Q U O.

THOU hast it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
 As th', weyward Women promis'd; and I fear
 Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy Posterity,
 But that my self should be the root, and Father
 Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
 As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine,
 Whey by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my Oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
 Lenox, Ross, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir;
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
 Command upon me, to the which, my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tye
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice;
 Which

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this days Council; but we'll take't to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and Supper: go not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel Parricide; filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow,
When there withal we shall have cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to Horse: Adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon's

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.

[*Exit Banquo*]

Let every Man be master of his time,

'Till seven at night, to make society

The sweeter welcome: We will keep our self

'Till supper time alone: While then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those Men

Our pleasure?

[*To a Servant.*]

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Exit Servant.*]

To be thus, is nothing,

But to be safely thus: Our fears in *Banquo*

Stick deep; and in his Royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,

To act in safety. There is none but he,

Whose

Whose being I do fear: And under him,
 My Genius is rebuk'd; as it is said
Mark Antonys was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then Prophet like,
 They hail'd him Father to a line of Kings.
 Upon my head, they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
 And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No Son of mine succeeding. It's be so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind?
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd;
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common Enemy of Man,
 To make them Kings? the seed of *Banquo* Kings!
 Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
 And Champion me to th'utterance —
 Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the door, and stay there'til we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then.

Now you have consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under Fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self; this I made good to you,
 In our last conference past in probation with you:
 How you were born in hand, how crost, the Instru-
 ments,

Who wrought with them: & all things else that might
 To half a Soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, thus did *Banquo*.

Q 2

1 *Mur.*

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd;
To pray for this good Man, and for his Issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for Men;
As Hounds, & Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showghs, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clept
All by the Name of Dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle:
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of Men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye,
For fundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you:
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a clearness; and with him,
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work.
Fleance, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves apart,
I'll come to yon anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Souls flight,
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to-night.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure;
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless extasie. *Duncan* is in his grave;
After lifes fitful fever, he sleeps well:
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on;
Gentle, my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, Love, and so I pray be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours
In these so flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my mind dear Wife!
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, Natures copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund; ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecates* summons
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung nights yawning peal; there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note,

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck!
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, sealing Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th'rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black agents to their preys do rowse:
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill;
So prithee go with me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Park, the Castle at a distance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth*.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The West yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the latest Traveller apace,

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To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us a light there ho.

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a Mile: but he does usually;
So all Men do from hence to th' Palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A Light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the
scuffle Fleance escapes.*

Ban. O, Treachery!

Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

[*Dies*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *A Room of State.*

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time
We will require her welcome. [*They sit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my Heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts
thanks,
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i'th' mid'st.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.

Enter first Murtherer.

There's blood upon thy Face. [*To the Mur.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd. [*him*

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for

Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats; yet he's
good,

That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect.

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd bound in
To faucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

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There the grown Serpent lyes, the Worm that's fled
Hath nature, that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone; to morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murtherer.]

Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the Feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome; to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

Len. May't please your Highness, sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countrys Honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness.
Than pity for mischance,

[The Ghost of Banquo rises & sits in Macbeth's place]

Rosse. His absence, Sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The Table's full.

Starting.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion,

Feed,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man?

[To Macbeth.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare dare look on
Which might appall the Devil. [that

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A Womans story at a winters fire,
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self! —
Why do you make such faces? when all's done
You look but on a fool.

Macb. Prithee see there:

Behold! look! loe! how say you!

[Pointing to the Ghost]

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monument
Shall be the maws of Kites.

[The Ghost vanishes.]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame.

[time.]

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th'olden
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,
That when the brains were out, the Man would die,
And there an end; But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from out stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is,

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy Friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To

44 The TRAGEDY

To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to
all,

Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full —
I drink to th' general joy of the whole Table,
And to out dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:
Would he were here; to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

[*As he is drinking, the Ghost rises again
just before him.*

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant, and quit my fight, let the earth
hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear;
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcean* Tyger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy Sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow;
Unreal mock'ry hence. [*The Ghost vanishes.*

Why so, — being gone —

I am a Man again: pray You sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summers cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When

When now I think you can behold such fights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse & worse.
Question enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady. A kind good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

Macb. It will have blood they say; blood will
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures, that understood relations, have
By Maggot-Pyes, and Choughs, and Rooks brought
forth

The secret'st Man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with Morning, which is which:

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his Person,
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his House
I keep a Servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.

More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, e'er they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use.

We are yet but young indeed.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E I V. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches,
meeting Hecate.

Wit. Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angerly!

Hec. Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and affairs of Death?

And I the Mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art.

And which is worse, all you have done

Heath been but for a weyward Son,

Spightfull, and wrathfull, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; Get you gon,

And at the pit of *Acberon*

Meet me i'th' morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside.

I am for th' air: this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, and a fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon.

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;

I'll catch it e'er it come to ground;

And that distill'd by magick flights,

Shall raise such artificial Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear
His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear:

And you all know, security
Is mortals chiefest enemy.

[Musick, and a Song.]

Hark, I am call'd; my little Spirit see

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

(Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again.

(Exeunt,

S C E N E V.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say

Things have been strangely born. The gracious
Duncan.

Was pitied of *Macbeth*—~~may~~ he was dead:

And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.

Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd;

For *Fleance* fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for *Malcolm* and for *Donalbane*

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!

How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,

That were the Slaves of drink., and Thralls of
Sleep?

Was that not nobly done? ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the Men deny't. So that I say,

He has born all things well: and I do think

That had he *Duncans* Sons under the key,

As,

As, an't please Heav'n he shall not, they should find
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*,
 From whom this Tyrant holds the due of birth;
 Live in the *English* Court, and are receiv'd
 Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone, to pray the holy King, on his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*,
 That by the help of these, with him above
 To ratifie the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, Sleep to our nights;
 Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours;
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, Sir; not I;
 The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, you'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, t'hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
 Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering Country,
 Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT



A C T I V.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

I W I T C H.

THrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 *Wit.* Thrice, and once the hedge pig whin'd;

3 *Wit.* Harpier crys, 'tis time, 't is time.

1 *Wit.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

(They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients for the preparation of their charm;

Toad, that under cold Stone,
Days and nights has thirty one
Sweltred venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Wit.* Fillet of a fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog,
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
Adders Fork, and blind worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlets Wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 *Wit.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches mummy, maw, and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt sea Shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the Moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turc, and Tartars lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the gruel thick, and slab:
 Add thereto a Tygers chawdron,
 For th'ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Wit. Cool it with a Baboons blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i'th gains:
 And now about the Cauldron sing
 Like Elves and Fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black Spirits and white,
 Blue Spirits and gray,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2 Wit. By the the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black & midnight Hags;
 What

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though Castles topple on their warders heads;
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do stoop
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Natures germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken; answer me,
To what I ask you.

1 *Wit.* Speak.

2 *Wit.* Demand.

3 *Wit.* We'll answer.

1 *Wit.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Wit.* Pour in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
From the Murtherers gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and office deftly show.

[*Thunder*]

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power—

1 *Wit.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!—
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. What e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright; but one word more—

1 *Wit.* He will not be commanded; here's another

More potent than the fi. ft.

[Thunder]

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of Man; for none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live *Macduff*: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale hearted Fear, it lyes;
And sleep in spight of thunder. [Thunder.]

*Apparition of a Child crowned; with a tree in his hand,
rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow, the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be Lion metled, proud, and take no care;
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam* wood, to high *Dunsinane* Hill,
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boardments! good!
Rebellious deed, rise never 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me if your art
Can tell so much: shall *Banquos* issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you: Let me know,
[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*]

Why sinks that Cauldron? & what noise is this? [*Hoboyes.*]

1 *Wit.* Shew!

2 *Wit.* Shew!

3 *Wit.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like Shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.*]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first—
A third, is like the former—filthy Hags!
Why do you shew me this?... A fourth?... Start eye!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom...
Another yet?... A seventh!... I'll see no more...
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight! O! now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

1 *Wit.* Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?... Let this pernicious
hour,
Stand ay accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the Weyward Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,

Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even-now [[done:
To crown my thoughts with Acts, be it thought and
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprize;
Seize upon *Fife*; give to the edge o'the sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate souls,
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us Traitors.

Rosse.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his Wife, to leave his babe,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: for the poor Wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the Owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse, My dear Coz,
I pray you school your self; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors,
And do not know our selves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse,

L. Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird!

Thoud'st never fear the net, nor line,

The pit-fall, nor the gin?

Son. Why should I, Mother?

Poor Birds they are not set for.

My Father is not dead for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market;

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;

And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor;

And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest Men.

Son. Then the Liars and swearers are fools; for there are Liars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest Men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign, that I should quickly have a new Father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you known.
Though in your state of honour I am perfect,
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,

Which

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you.
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger,

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I had done no harm?... What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
L. Macd. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain.
Mur. What you egg? [Stabbing him].
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you. [Exit crying Murther.

S C E N E III. *The King of En-
glands Palace.*

Enter Malcom and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade; and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men,
Bestride our downfal'n birthdom; each new morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike Heaven on the face that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like fillable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
 This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues;
 Was once thought honest: You have lov'd him well;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
 You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
 To offer up a weak poor innocent Lamb,
 T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose.
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
 Though all things foul would bear the brows of Grace,
 Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts:
 Why in that rawness left you wife and children;
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
 Without leave taking? I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies, be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties: You may be rightly just;
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
 Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs
 The Title is afraid. Fare thee well, Lord;
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the Tyrants grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you:
 I think our Country sinks beneath the yoke;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
 There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
 And here from gracious *England* have I offer

f goodly thousands. But yet for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrants head,
Or wear it on my sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;
Sudden, malicious, smothering of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuousness. Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my Lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny, it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne;
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold. The time you may so hoodwink;
We have willing Dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that were I King,
 I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this others house,
 And my more-having would be as a sawce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
 Than Summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
 The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none, the King-becoming graces,
 As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
 Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
 Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord, into Hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on Earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland! —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No not to live. O Nation miserable!
 With an untitled Tyrant, bloody sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy Throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurst,
 And do's blaspheme his breed. Thy Royal Father
 Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees, than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she lived. Fare thee well,

These

These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*;
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The Devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking
Was this upon my self; what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countrys to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray
you?

Doct. Ay Sir; there are a crew of wretched Souls
That stay his cure: Their malady convinces
The great assay of Art: But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

[Exit

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;

A most miraculous work in this good King;
Which often since my here remain in *England*,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden stamp about their necks;
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here.

Mal. My Country man, but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, that make us strangers.

Rosse. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor Country,
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs & groans, & shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good Mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh! Relation too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hours age doth hiss the Speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech. how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthless fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants power afoot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent us good Seyward, and ten thousand Men.
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What, concern they
The general Cause? or is it a fee grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest.
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd Deer,
To add the death of you.

64 *The* T R A G E D Y

Mal. Merciful Heaven!

What Man ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too! —

Rosse. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my Wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O Hell Kite! All!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop!

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a Man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heav'n look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their Souls: Heav'n rest them now.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the Woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue: But gentle Heav'n's
Cut short all intermission: Front to front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my self;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
May Heav'n forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:

Come, go we to the King: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may.
The night is long that never finds the day, [*Exeunt.*

ACT,



A C T V.

SCENE I. *An Anti-chamber in Macbeths Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physick, & a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this flumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

E

Look

Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks, I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out damned spot; out I say... One, Two, why then 'tis time to do't... Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afraid; what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account... yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife, had a Wife; where is she now? What will these hands ne'er be clean?... No more of that, My Lord, no more o' that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to;

You have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady.

Lady. To-bed, to-bed; there's knocking at the Gate:
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand:
what's done, cannot be undone. To-bed, to-bed,
to-bed. [Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to-bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the Divine than the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so good night.
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, Good Doctor. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *A Field with a Wood at
distance.*

En'et Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox and Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them: For their dear causes
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we meet them, for that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward's* Son,
And many unruff Youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury, but for certain,
He cannot bulckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands,
Now minutely revolts upraid his faith breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now does he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him do's condemn
It self for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where t'is truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Countrys purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign Flower, and drown the weeds,
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:
Till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy, Malcolme?
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd thus:
Fear not, Macbeth, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand —

Macb.

Macb. Geese, Villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, patch?
Death of thy Soul, those linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellours to fear. What Soldiers, Whey-face?

Ser. The *English* Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence...*Seyton*!... I'm sick at heart,
When I behold .. *Seyton*, I say!... this push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: My way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: But in their stead,
Curfes, not loud but deep, mouth honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight 'till from my bones my flesh is hackt.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skir the Country round;
Hang those that stand in fear. Give me mine armour.
How do's your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her from that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleause the stuff bosome of that perillous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, Send out ---- Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch ----- If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water off my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say ----
What Rhubarb, Senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence: Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; Your Royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* Forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seywards Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Set our best censures
Before the true event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative, their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*]

S C E N E V. *the Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Soldiers with Drums & Colours

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls,
The Cry is still, they come: Our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise!

[*A cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have sup't full with horrors:
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time:
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle;
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury
 Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious Lord,
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave. [*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
 Within this three mile you may see it coming.
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
 'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
 I care not if thou do'st for me as much.
 I pall in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till *Birnam* Wood
 Do come to *Dunsinane*, and now a Wood
 Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out;
 If this which he avouches do's appear,
 There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I gin to be a weary of the Sun,
 And wish th' estate o' th' World were now undone.
 Ring the alarum Bell, blow wind, come wrack,
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeths Castle.*

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You, worthy Uncle,
Shall with my Cousin, your right noble Son,
Lead our first Battel. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well;
Do we but find the Tyrants power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clamorous Harbingers of blood and death. *Exeunt:*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake I cannot fly
But Bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of Woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Seyward:

Y. Seyw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Seyw. No, though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Than any is in Hell.

Macb. Ny name's *Macbeth*.

Y. Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a Title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No nor more fearful.

Y. Seyw. Thou liest, thou abhorred Tyrant,
And with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and Young Seyward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

74 *The* **TRAGEDY**

Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born. [*Exit:*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; come thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way, my Lord, the Castle's gently rendered:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own Sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back my Soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. (*Fight. Alarums.*

Macb. Thou losest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of Woman born.

Macd.

Macd. Dispell thy Charm,
And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mothers womb
Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of Man:
And be these jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macb. Then yield thee, Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolms* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my Warlike Shield; Lay on *Macduff*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting, Alarums.*]

Enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
Malcome, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble Son.

Rosse. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldiers debt,
He only liv'd but 'till he was a Man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead?

[*sorrow*]

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the Field. Your cause of

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, Gods Soldier be he;
Had I as many Sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes new comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
Th' Usurpers curst head; the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdoms Peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an Honour nam'd. What's more to do;
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful Tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her life; This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TIMON OF ATHENS,
THE MAN-HATER.

*First written by SHAKESPEARE,
& since altered by SHADWELL.*



L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY.

HISTORY

TIMON OF ATHENS

THE MAN-HATER

BY SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION



LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY



TO THE MOST
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
GEORGE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, &c.

May it please your Grace,



Nothing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace; the thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my pride from the world; but must publish the joy I receive in having so noble a Patron, and one so excelling in wit and judgment; qualities, which even your enemies could never doubt of, or detract from: And which make all good men, and men of sense admire you, and none but fools and ill men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what honour it is to me that my writings are approved by your Grace; who in your own have so clearly shown the excellency of wit and judgment in your self, and so justly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once serve for the greatest example, and the sharpest reproof. And no man who has perfectly understood the *Rehearsal*, and some other of your writings, if he has any genius at all, can write ill after it.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

I pretend not of an Epistle to make a Declamation upon these and your other excellent qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough; who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the honour to know him already give him. Amongst which number I think it my greatest happiness to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted sometimes into your Graces conversation, the most charming in the world. I am now to present your Grace with this History of *Timon*, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakespear* in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this. Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a Play, which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your favour, which no man can value more than I shall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

MY LORD,

Your Graces,

most obedient,

humble servant,

THO. SHADWELL:

PRO:

PROLOGUE.

*Since the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
 The only portion for brisk Wits o' th' Town,
 We mean such as have no crop of their own;
 Methinks you should encourage them that sow,
 Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
 Thus a poor Poet must maintain a Muse,
 As you do Mistresses for others use:
 The wittiest Play can serve him but one day,
 Though for three months it finds you what to say.
 Yet you your creditors of wit will fail,
 And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
 Poor Ecchos can repeat wit, though they've none,
 Like bag-pipes they no sound have of their own,
 Till some into their emptiness be blown.
 Yet
 To be thought Wits and Judges they're so glad,
 And labour for't as if they were wit-mad.
 Some will keep tables for the Wits o' th' Nation,
 And Poets eat them into reputation.
 Some Scriblers will wit their whole bus'ness make,
 For labour'd dullness grievous pains will take;
 And when with many throes they've travail'd long,
 They now and then bring forth a foolish Song.
 One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
 And by this means a parlous Judge will seem.
 Wit is a common idol, and in vain
 Fops try a thousand ways the name to gain.
 Pray judge the nauseous Farces of the age,
 And meddle not with sense upon the Stage;
 To you our Poet no one line submits,
 Who such a coil will keep to be thought Wits:
 'Tis you who truly are so, he would please;
 But knows it is not to be done with ease.
 In th' art of judging you as wise are grown,
 As in their choice some Ladies of the Town.
 Your neat shap'd Barb'ry Wits you will despise,
 And none but lusty sinewy Writers prize.*

PROLOGUE.

Old English Shakespear stomachs you have still,
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with skill.
You coin the wit, the Wittings of the Town
Retailers are, that spread it up and down.
Set but your stamp upon't, though it be brass,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant pass.
Try it to day, and we are sure 'twill hit,
All to your sovereign empire must submit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a Rigid Philosopher.*

NICIAS.

PHÆAX.

ÆLIUS.

CLEON.

ISANDER.

ISIDORE.

THRASILLUS.

DEMETRIUS, *Timons Steward.*

DIPHILUS, *Servant to Timon.*

EVANDRA.

MELISSA.

CHLOE.

THAIS.

PHRINIAS.

} *Senators of Athens.*

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

OLD MAN. POET. PAINTER. JEWELLER.

MUSICIAN. MERCHANT. SERVANTS.

MESSENGERS. SEVERAL MASQUERADERS. SOLDIERS.

SCENE ATHENS.

TIMON

TIMON OF ATHENS,
OR, THE
MAN - HATER.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

DEMETRIUS.



OW strange it is to see my riotous Lord
With careless luxury betray himself,
To feast and revel all his hours away,
Without account how fast his Treasure
ebbs,

How slowly flows; and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honesty i' th' bud,
And kill'd it quite: and well for me he did so.
It was a barren stock would yield no fruit.
But now like evil Councillors I comply,
And lull him in his soft lethargick life.
And like such cursed Politicians can
Share in the headlong ruine, and will rise by't.
What vast rewards to nauseous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what estates he gives!
And shall I have no share? Be gone all honesty,
Thou foolish, slender, threadbare, starving thing be gone!

Enter POET.

Here's a fellow horse-leech: How now Poet, how
goes the world?

TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* visible?

Dem. He'll come out suddenly, what have you to present him?

Poet. A little off-spring of my fruitful Muse: She is in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you gross flatterer.

(Aside.)
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written himself up to my Lords table, which he seldom fails: nay, into his chariot, where he in publick does not blush to own the sordid Scribler.

Poet. The last thing I presented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick Style.

Dem. What d'ye mean by style? That of good sense is all alike; that is to say, with apt and easie words, not one too little or too much: and this I think good Style.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o' th' matter! apt & easie! Heroick must be lofty and high sounding; No easie language in heroick verse; 'Tis most unfit: for should I name a Lion, I must not in Heroicks call him so!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'd as soon call him an Ass. No thus... The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the beasts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lyon would sound so baldly; not to be endur'd, and a Bull too... but The mighty Warriour of the horned Race; Ah! ... how that sounds!

Dem. Then I perceive sound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you sound a Fox, as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a scurvy beast for Heroick Verse.

Dem. Hum ... is it so? How will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet.

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.

That black and dreadful fate-denouncing Fowl.

Dem. An excellent sound... But let me see your piece.

Poet. I'll read it... 'Tis a good-morrow to the Lord Timon.

Dem. Do you make good-morrow sound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily! ...

The fringed vallance of your eyes advance,

Shake off your canopy'd and downy trance:

Phœbus already quaffs the morning dew,

Each does his daily lease of life renew.

Now you shall hear description, 'tis the very life of Poetry:

He darts his beams on the Larks mossie house;

And from his quiet tenement does rouse

The little charming and harmonious fowl,

Which sings its lump of body to a soul:

Swiftly it clambers up in the steep air

With warbling throat and makes each note a stair.

There's rapture for you! hah! ...

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. This the solicitous Lover straight alarms,

Who too long slumber'd in his Cælias arms:

And now the swelling Spunges of the night

With aking heads stagger from their delight:

Slovenly Taylors to their needles hast:

Already now the moving shops are plac'd

By those who crop the treasures of the fields,

And all those gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think these are now? Why ... nothing but

Herb - Women: these are fine lofty expressions for

Herb - Women: Ha! ... Already now, &c.

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis description though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to describe to him that 'tis about the fourth hour in the morning ... I'll in and let him know in three words 'tis the seventh.

(Exit Demetrius.

Enter MUSICIAN.

Poet. Good morning, Sir, whither this way?

Mus. To present his Honour with a piece of Musick:

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. My Lord will soon come out.

Poet. He's the very spirit of Nobility...

And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth.

His universal bounty falls on all.

*Enter MERCHANT, JEWELLER, PAINTER;
and several others.*

Jewell. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to swarm about the House!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?

Magick of bounty... These familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a splendid Jewel.

Jewel. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry:
But you present a speaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing flipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint shews not it self
Till it be struck; our gentle flame provokes
It self...

Dem. You write so scurvily, the Devil's in any Man
that provokes you, but your self.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Paint. So, so.

Dem. Now must these Rascals be presented all,
As if they had saved his honour, or his life;
And I must have a feeling in the business.

Enter certain Senators going in to TIMON.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd!

Enter more who pass over.

Paint. See more, well, he's a noble Spirit!

Jewell. A most worthy Lord!

Poet. What a flood of Visitors his bounty draws!

Dem.

Dem. You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, present
Their service to Lord *Timons* prosp'rous fortune.
He to his gracious nature does subdue
All sorts of tempers, from the smooth fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philosophical churl
Who hates the world, and does almost abhor
Himself....

Paint. He is a most excellent Lord, and makes the
finest Picture!

Poet. The joy of all mankind, deserves a *Homer* for
his Poet.

Jewell. A most accomplish'd person!

Poet. The glory of the age!

Paint. Above all parallel!

Dem. And yet these rogues, were this man poor,
would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. (*Soft Musick.*)

Poet. Here's excellent Musick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

*Enter TIMON and Senators, TIMON addressing
himself courteously to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your yelf, and bate too
much of your own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.

Ælius. With more than common thanks I must
receive it.

Ifidore. Your Lordship has the very soul of bounty.

Phaax. You load us with too many obligations.

Tim. I never can oblige my Friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a bay Courser which I rode on:
He's yours, because you lik'd him.

Phaax. I beseech your Lordship pardon me in this.

Tim. My word is past: is there ought else you like?
I know, my Lord, no man can justly praise
But what he does affect; and I must weigh
My Friends affections with my own:

So

12 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR;

So kindly I receive your visits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne'er be
weary.

Ælius. We all must stand amaz'd at your vast bounty!

Cleon. The spirit of magnificence reigns in you!

Phaax. Your bounty's as diffusive as the Sea.

Tim. My noble Lords, you do me too much honour.

Isand. There lives not such a noble Lord on earth.

Thrasil. None but the Sun and he oblige, without
A prospect of return.

Enter a Messenger and whispers TIMON.

Tim. *Lampridius* imprison'd! say you?

Mess. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt;
His means are short, his creditors most strict;
He begs your letter to those cruel men,
That may preserve him from his utter ruine.

Tim. I am not of that temper to shake off
My Friend when most he needs me: I know him;
A Gentleman that well deserves my help;
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your Lordship ever binds him to your service.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after... tell him so.

Mess. All happiness to your Honour.

(Exit Messenger.)

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

Old Man. You have a Servant named *Diphilus*.

Tim. I have so, that is he.

Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my
house.

I am a man that from my first have been
Inclin'd to thrift, and my estate deserves
A nobler heir than one that holds a trencher.

Tim.

Tim. Go on.

Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost.
This Man attempts her love: pray, my good Lord
Join with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Man. His honesty rewards him in himself;
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Man. She is young and apt.

Tim. Do you love her?

Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, & she accepts of mine.

Old Man. If to her marriage my consent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witness, I will make
The beggers of the street my heirs, e're she
Shall have a drachma.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine has serv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Master too;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
Whate'er your Daughters portion weighs, this Mans
shall counterpoise.

Old Man. Say you so, my noble Lord! upon your
honour

This, and she is his.

Tim. Give me thy hand: my honour on my promise.

Diphil. My noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miserable as I shall be base
When I forget this most surprizing favour:
No fortune or estate shall e'er be mine,
Which I'll not humbly lay before your feet.

Tim. Rise. I ne'er do good with prospect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a meer trade
Of putting kindness out to use.

Poet. Vouchsafe to accept my labours, & long live
your Lordship.

Tim.

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.
What have you there, my Friend?

Paint. A piece of limning for your Lordship.

Tim. 'Tis welcome: I like it, & you shall find I do.

Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel.

Tim. 'Tis excellent!

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jewel. Your Lordship mends the Jewel by the wearing.

Tim. Well mock't.

Poet. No, my good Lord, he speaks what all men think.

Apem. Scum of all Flatterers, wilt thou still persist
For filthy gain to guild and varnish o'er
This great Mans vanities!

Tim. Nay, now we must be chidden.

Poet. I can bear with your Lordship.

Apem. Yes & without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'st this Knave, thou art a Fool.

Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good-morrow to thee.

Apem. Till I am gentle stay for thy good-morrow,
Till thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves?

Apem. They are *Athenians*, and I'll not recant;
They're all base fawners; what a coil is here
With smiling, cringing, jutting out of bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the summs they cost you; Friendship's full
Of dregs, base filthy dregs.
Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth for cringes.

Ælius. Do you know us, fellow?

Apem. Did I not call you by your names?

Tim. Thou preache'st against vice, & thou thy self
art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon*.

Tim. Why so?

Apem. To give belief to flattering knaves & Poets,
And to be still my self my greatest Flatterer:

What should Great-men be proud of? made of noise,
And

And pomp and show, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their noses; pleas'd to see
Base smiling knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
Did they but see their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and absurd vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within some dark and little corner;
And be afraid that every fool should find 'em.

Tim. Thou hast too much sowness in thy blood.

Poet. Hang him, ... ne'er mind him ...

Apem. What is this foolish animal man, that we
should magnifie him so? A little warm, and walking
earth that will be ashes soon? We come into the world
crying and squalling, and so much of our time's con-
sum'd in driv'ling infancy, in ignorance, sleep, disease
& trouble, that the remainder is not worth the being
rear'd to.

Phaax. A preaching fool.

Apem. A fool? If thou hadst half my wit thou'dst
find thy self an Ass. Is it not truth I speak? Are not
all the arts and subtleties of men, all their inventions,
all their sciences, all their diversions, all their sports,
little enough to pass away their happiest hours with,
and make a heavy life be born with patience?

Tim. I, with the help of my friends, will make mine
easier than what your melancholy frames.

Apem. How little dost thou look before thee! Thou,
who tak'st such great felicity in fools and knaves, &
in thy own enjoyments, wilt e'er long find 'em such
thin, such poor and empty shadows, that thou wilt
wish thou never hadst been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Phaax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*, and
let him be whipt!

Apem. Thus Innocence, Truth & Merit often suffer,
whilst Injurers, Oppressors and desertless Fools, swell
in their brief authority, look big and strut in furs:
'tis a foul shame; But 'tis a loathsome age, ... it has
been long impostumating with its villany; And now
the

the swelling's broken out in most contagious ulcers;
no place free from the destructive pestilence of manners.
Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!

Tim. Do not rail so... 'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning-lecture,
And I'll be gone...

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenians* brains:

Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'lt die for, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? How dost thou like
this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for,
'Twill neither lie, nor drink, nor whore,
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his throat
Behind his back; for since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with mans nature,
He is but mere outside; your pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd Villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How likest thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools esteem it, 't is not worth my
thinking.

Lo, now the mighty use of thy great riches;
That must set infinite value on a bauble!

Will't keep thee warm, or satisfy thy thirst;
Or hunger? No it is comparison

That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think

A poor Man cannot have it; Childish pleasure!

What stretcht inventions must be found to make
Great wealth of use? Oh! that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st thou do?

Apem.

Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me, till I had beaten the whole Senate.

Phaax. Let the Villain be soundly punish'd for his licentious tongue.

Tim. No, the man is honest, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd, and methinks pleasant. You must dine with me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. I devour no Lords.

Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.

Apem. Yet they, with all their modest simperings, and varnish'd looks, can swallow Lords, & get great bellies by 't, yet keep their virtuous vizors on, till a poor little bastard steals into the world, & tells a tale.

Enter NICIAS.

Tim. My noble Lord, welcome! most welcome to my arms! You are the fountain from which all my happiness did spring! your matchless daughter, fair *Melissa*.

Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.

Tim. I cannot, she is the joy of *Athens*! the chief delight of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that blest day when we shall joyn our hands and hearts together.

Nic. 'Tis but a week, my Lord.

Tim. 'Tis a thousand years.

Apem. Thou miserable Lord, hast thou to compleat All thy calamities, that plague of love? That most unmanly madness of the mind, That specious cheat, as false as Friendship is? Did'st thou but see how like a sniveling thing Thou look'st & talk'st, thou would'st abhor, or laugh at Thy own admired image.

Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this subject.

Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men should be Deaf to good counsel, not to flatterie.*

Tim. Come, my dear friends, let us now visit our gardens, and refresh our selves with some cool wines

and fruit: I am transported with your visits! There is not now a Prince whom I can envy; unless it be in that he can bestow more upon the men he loves.

Ælius. My noble Lord, who would not wed your friendship, though without a dowry?

Isidor. Most worthy *Timon*!

Who has a life you may not call your own?

Phæax. We are all your slaves.

Poet. The joy of all mankind.

Jewel. Great spirit of nobleness.

Tim. We must not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, so, crouching slaves: aches contract & make your supple joynts to wither. That there should be so little love among these knaves, yet all this courtesie! They hate and scorn each other, yet they kiss as if they were of different sexes: Villains, Villains.

(Exeunt omnes.)

Enter EVANDRA. Re-enter TIMON.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra*! methinks your looks are chang'd,

And clouded with some grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were saluted With the most unhappy news, the dismal'st story, The only one cou'd have afflicted me; My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted, With a cold sweat o'er all my limbs.

Tim. What was it Madam?

Evand. You speak not with the kindness you were wont,

I have been us'd to tenderer words than these:

It is too true, and I am miserable!

Tim. What is't disturbs you so? Too well I guess:

(Aside.)

Evand. I hear I am to lose your love, which was The only earthly blessing I enjoy'd, And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I must ever love my excellent *Evandra*!

Evand.

Evand. *Melissa* will not suffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
 Thou well may'st blush at thy ingratitude!
 Had I so much towards thee, I ne'er shou'd show
 My face without confusion: Such a guilt,
 As if I had destroy'd thy race, and ruin'd
 All thy estate, and made thee infamous!
 Thy love to me I cou'd prefer before
 All cold respects of kindred, wealth and fame.

Tim. You have been kind so far above return,
 That 'tis beyond expression.

Evand. Call to mind
 Whose race I sprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
 Though not my fortune, my beauty and my youth
 And my unspotted fame yielded to none.
 You on your knees a thousand times have sworn,
 That they exceeded all; and yet all these,
 The only treasures a poor maid possest,
 I sacrific'd to you, and rather chose
 To throw my self away, than you shou'd be
 Uneasie in your wishes; since which happy,
 And yet unhappy time, you have been to me,
 My life, my joy, my earth, my heaven, my all:
 I never had one single wish beyond you;
 Nay every action, every thought of mine,
 How far soe'er their large circumference
 Stretcht out, yet center'd all in you: You were
 My end, the only thing could fill my mind.

Tim. She strikes me to the heart! I would I had
 not seen her. (*Aside.*)

Evand. Ah *Timon*, I have lov'd you so, that had
 My eyes offended you, I with these fingers
 Had pluck't 'em by the roots, & cast them from me:
 Or had my heart contain'd one thought that was
 Not yours, I with this hand would rip it open:
 Shew me a Wife in *Athens* can say this;
 And yet I am not one, but you are now to marry.

Tim. That I have lov'd you, you & Heaven can witness
 By many long repeated acts of love,
 And bounty I have shew'd you...

Evan. Bounty! ah *Timon*!

I am not yet so mean, but I contemn
Your transitory dirt, and all rewards,
But that of love; your person was the bound
Of all my thoughts and wishes: in return
You have lov'd me! Oh miserable sound!
I would you never had, or always would.

Tim. Man is not master of his appetites,
Heav'n sways our mind to love.

Evan. But Hell to falsehood:
How many thousand times y' have vow'd and sworn
Eternal love: Heav'n has not yet absolv'd
You of your oaths to me; nor can I ever:
My love's as much too much as your's too little.

Tim. If you love me, you'll love my happiness:
Melissas beauty and her love to me
Has so inflam'd me, I can have none without her.

Evan. If I had lov'd another, when you first,
My dear false *Timon*, swore to me, would you
Have wish'd I might have found my happiness
Within anothers arms? No, no, it is
To love a contradiction.

Tim. 'Tis a truth I cannot answer.

Evan. Besides, *Melissas* beauty
Is not believ'd to exceed my little stock.
Even modesty may praise it self when 'tis
Aspers'd. Besides her love is mercenary,
Most mercenary, base, 'tis marriage-love.
She gives her person, but in vile exchange
She does demand your liberty: But I
Could generously give without mean bargaining:
I trusted to your honour, and lost mine,
Lost all my friends and kindred: but little thought
I should have lost my love, and cast it on
A barren & ungrateful soil that would return no fruit.

Tim. This does perplex me, I must break it off.

(*Aside.*

Evan.

Evand. The first storm of your love did shake me so,
It threw down all my leaves my hopeful blossoms,
Pull'd down my branches; but this latter tempest of
your hate

Strikes at my root, and I must wither now,
Like a desertless, sapless tree: must fall...

Tim. You are secure against all injuries
While I have breath...

Evand. And yet you do the greatest.

Tim. You shall be so much partner of my fortune
As will secure you full respect from all, (desire.
And may support your quality in what pomp you can

Evand. I am not of so coarse a mould, or have
So gross a mind, as to partake of ought
That's yours without you...

But, oh thou too dear perjur'd man, I cou'd
With thee prefer a dungeon, a loathsome dungeon;
Before the stately gilded fretted roofs,
The pomp, the noise, the show, the revelling,
And all the glittering splendour of a Palace.

Tim. I by resistless fate am hurry'd on...

Evand. A vulgar, mean excuse for doing ill.

Tim. If that were not, my honour is engag'd...

Evand. It had a pre-engagement.

Tim. All the great Men of *Athens* urge me on
To marry her and to preserve my Race.

Evan. Suppose your Wife be false (as 'tis not new
In *Athens*;) and let others graft upon
Your stock, where is your race? weak vulgar reason!

Tim. Her honour will not suffer her.

Evan. She may do it cunningly & keep her honour.

Tim. Her love will then secure her; which is as fervent...

Evan. As yours was once to me, & may continue
Perhaps as long; and yet you cannot know
She loves you. Since that base *Cecropian* Law
Made love a merchandize, to traffick hearts
For marriage, and for dowry, who's secure?
Now her great sign of love is, she's content

To bind you in the strongest chains, and to
A slavery, nought can manumize you from
But death: And I could be content to be
A slave to you, without those vile conditions...

Tim. Why are not our desires within our power?
Or why should we be punish't for obeying them?
But we cannot create our own affections;
They're mov'd by some invisible active pow'r,
And we are only passive, and whatever
Of imperfection follows from th' obedience
To our desires, we suffer, not commit;
And 'tis a cruel and a hard decree,
That we must suffer first, & then be punish't for't.

Evan. Your philosophy is too subtle ... but what
Security of love from her can be like mine?
Is marriage a bond of truth, which does consist
Of a few trifling ceremonies? Or are those
Charms or philters? 'Tis true, my Lord, I was not
First lifted o'er the threshold, and then
Led by my parents to *Minervas* Temple:
No young unyoked heifers blood was offer'd
To *Diana*; no invocation to *Juno*, or the *Parca*?
No coachman drove me with a lighted torch;
Nor was your house adorn'd with garlands then;
Nor had I figs thrown on my head, or lighted
By my dear Mothers torches to your bed.
Are these slight things, the bonds of truth & constancy?
I came all love into your arms, unmixt
With other aims; & you for this will cause my death,

Tim. I'd sooner seek my own, *Evandra*.

Evan. Ah, my Lord, if that be true, then go not to
Melissa; for I shall die to see another have possession
of all that e'er I wisht for on earth.

Tim. I would I had not seen *Melissa*: ...

Evan. Ah, my dear Lord, there is some comfort left;
Cherish those noble thoughts, & they'll grow stronger,
Your lawful gratitude and love will rise,
And quell the other rebel-passion in you;

Use all the endeavours which you can, and if
They fail in my relief, I'll die to make you happy!

Tim. You have moved me to be womanish; pray
retire; I will love you.

Evan. Oh happy word! Heav'n ever bless my dear;
Farewel: but will you never see *Melissa* more?

Tim. Sweet excellence! Retire.

Evan. I will... will you remember your *Evandra*?

Tim. Yes, I will.

How happy were Mankind in constancy,
'Twould equal us with the celestial Spirits!
O could we meet with the same tremblings still,
Those panting joys, those furious desires,
Those happy trances which we found at first! But oh!
*Unhappy man, whose most transporting joy,
Feeds on such luscious food as soon will cloy,
And that which shou'd preserve, does it destroy.*
(Exit Timon.)



ACT II.

MELISSA, and CHLOE.

MELISSA.

What think'st thou, *Chloe*? Will this dress be-
come me?

Chlo. Oh, most exceedingly! This pretty curl does
give you such a killing grace, I swear, that all the
youth at the Lord *Timons* mask will die for you.

Mel. No; But dost thou think so, *Chloe*? I love to
make those fellows die for me, and I all the while
look so scornfully, and then with my head on one
side, with a languishing eye I do so kill 'em again:
Prithee, what do they say of me, *Chloe*?

Chlo. Say! That you are the Queen of all their hearts,
their Goddess, their Destiny, & talk of *Cupid's* flames,

and darts, and wounds! Oh 'tis the rarest language; 'twould make one die to hear it; and every now and then they steal some gold into my hand, and then commend me too.

Mel. Dear Soul, do they, & do they die for me?

Chlo. Oh yes, the finest, properest Gentlemen...

Mel. But there are not many that die for me? humh...

Chlo. Oh yes, *Lamachus*, *Theodorus*, *Thessalus*, *Eumolpides*, *Memnon*, & indeed all that see your Ladyship.

Mel. I'll swear! How is my complexion to-day? ha, *Chloe*?

Chlo. O most fragrant! 'tis a rare white wash this.

Mel. I think it is the best I ever bought; had I not best lay on some more red, *Chloe*?

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look so pretty, and so plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dressing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more? well, if I were sure to be thus pretty but seven years, I'd be content to die then, on that condition.

Chlo. The Gods forbid.

Mel. I'll swear I would; but dost thou think, *Timon* will like me in this dress?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dress, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new habit to-day; he deserves the ostracism! a villain, to disorder me so; I am afraid it has done harm to my complexion: I have dreamt of it these two nights, and shall not recover it this week...

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deserves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? Will not *Timon* perceive my disorder? ... hah...

Chlo. Oh no; but you speak as if you made this killing preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the young blades follow me, kiss my hand, admire, adore me, and die for me: but I must have but one favour'd servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I must look after in the rest.

Chloe. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay so would I... but favour one alone. No, I am resolv'd nothing shall corrupt my honesty; those admirers would make one a whore, *Chloe*, and that undoes us, 'tis our interest to be honest.

Chloe. Would they? No I warrant you. I'd fain see any of those admirers make me a whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honestly and is rich...

Cloe. You have forgot your *Alcibiades*: he is the rarest person!

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: Oh he was the beautiful'st man, the finest wit in *Athens*, the best companion, fullest of mirth and pleasure, & the prettiest ways he had to please Ladies, he would make his enemies rejoyce to see him.

Chloe. Why, he is all this, & can do all this still.

Mel. Ah, but he has been long banish'd for breaking *Mercurys* images, & prophaning the mysteries of *Proserpine*. Besides, the people took his estate from him, and I hate a poor fellow, from my heart, I swear: I vow methinks I look so pretty to-day, I could kiss my self, *Chloe*.

Chloe. Oh dear Madam... I could look on you for ever: oh what a world of murder you'll commit to-day!

Mel. Dost thou think so? Ha? No, no...

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. The Lord *Timon's* come to wait on you, and begs admittance.

Mel. Desire his presence.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks, Afresh I am wounded every time I see her. All happiness to beautiful *Melissa*.

Mel. I shall want none in you, my dearest Lord.

Tim. Sweetest of creatures, in whom all th' excellence

Of heav'nly woman-kind is seen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am sure has no allay, 'tis of
So strong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it...

Tim. Dear charming sweet, thy value is so great;
No Kingdom upon earth should buy thee from me:
But I have still an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happiness; a vow
Against the law of nature, against love,
The best of nature, and the highest law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys;
The nearer they come to us, still the time
Seems longer to us: But my, dear *Melissa*,
Why should we bind our selves with vows & oaths?
Alas, by nature we're too much confin'd,
Our liberty's so narrow, that we need not
Find fetters for our selves; No we should seize
On pleasure wheresoever we can find it,
Lest at another time we miss it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your vow, it was a rash one.

Mel. Thou foolish wench, I cannot get my things
in order till that time; dost think I will be marri'd
like some vulgar creature, which snatches at the first
offer, as if she were desperate of having any other?

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?

Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once secure, I'll keep
A vow to you, that would not to my self?

Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Melissa*,
To interrupt our joys; let us make sure
O' th' present minute, for the rest, perhaps,
May not be ours.

Mel.

Mel. It is not fit it shou'd, if I shou'd break a vow:
 No, you shall never find a change in me;
 All the fixt itars shall sooner stray
 With an irregular motion, than I change:
 This may assure you of my love; if not,
 Upon my knees I swear...
 Were I the Queen of all the Universe,
 And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery,
 I would not change my love to him.

Tim. And here I vow,
 Should all the frame of Nature be dissolv'd,
 Should the firm centre shake, should earthquakes rage
 With such a fury to disorder all
 The peaceful and agreeing elements,
 Till they were hudled into their first chaos,
 As long as I could be, I'd be the same,
 The same adorer of *Melissa*!

Mel. This is so great a blessing, Heav'n can't add to it.

Tim. Thou art my Heav'n *Melissa*, the last mark
 Of all my hopes and wishes; so I prize thee,
 That I cou'd die for thee.

Enter a SERVANT of TIMONS.

Serv. My Lord, your dinner's ready, and your
 Lordships Guests wait your wisht presence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.

Tim. Let's hast to wait on him, *Melissa*.

Mel. It is my duty to my Father. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter POET, APEMANTUS, SERVANTS setting
 things in order for the Feast.*

Poet. His Honour will soon be here, I have pre-
 par'd the Maskers; they are all ready.

Apem. How now, *Poet*? What piece of foppery
 hast thou to present to *Timon*?

Poet. Thou art a senceless snarling Stoick, and hast
 no taste of Poetry.

Apem. Thy Poetry's insipid, none can taste it:
 Thou art a wordy foolish scribler, who writ'st nothing
 but high-sounding frothy stuff: Thou spread'st, and
 beat'st

beat'st out thy poor little sense; 'tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it. Thou lov'st impertinent description; & when thou hast a rapture, it is not the sacred rapture of a Poet, but incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural; like mad-mens thoughts, & this thou calls Poetical.

Poet. You a judge! shall dull Philosophers judge of us the nimble fancies, & quick spirits of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age: Are there such eminent fopperies as in the Poets of this time? Their most unreasonable heads are whimsical, and fantastick as Fiddlers: they are the scorn & laughter of all witty men. The folly of you makes the art contemptible; none of you have the judgment of a gander.

Enter ÆLIUS, NICIAS, PHÆAX, and the other Senators.

Poet. You are a base snarling Critick; write your self, do an you dare.

Apem. I confess 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man of sence to write to an age that likes your spurious stuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Ælius. That time serves always.

Apem. Then what excuse hast thou, That would'st thus long omit it?

Isid. You stay to be at the Lord *Timons* feast.

Apem. Yes, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Ass to bid me farewell.

Cleon. Why so?

Apem. Because I have not so little reason or honesty to return thee one good wish for it.

Phæax. Go hang thy self.

Apem. I'll do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend, if there be such a wretch on earth.

Phæax.

Phaax. Be gone, unpeaceable dog, or I will spurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'll fly like a dog the heels of the ass.

Nici. He's opposite to all humanity...

Ælius. Now we shall taste of *Timon's* bounty.

Phaax. He hath a heart brimful of kindness and good will...

Isid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus* the God of wealth were but his Steward.

Phaax. No meed but he repays sev'n-fold above it self; no gift but breeds the giver such return as does exceed his wishes.

Thrasil. He bears the noblest mind that ever govern'd man.

Phaax. Long may he live with prosperous fortune; but I fear it...

Ælius. I hear a whisper, as though he fails his creditors, even of their interest.

Phaax. I fear it is too true...

Well, 'tis pitty: but he's a good Lord!

Enter TIMON with MELISSA, CHLOE,

NICIAS, and a great train with him.

Here he comes. My noble Lord.

Nici. Most worthy *Timon*!

Ælius. My most honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your presence! is there on earth a sight so splendid, as tables well fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you? Dear *Melissa*! be pleas'd to know my friends: Oh *Apemantus*! thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou shalt not make me welcome; I come to tell thee truth, & if thou hear'st me not, I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter. Think on the ebb of your estate, & flow of your debts: how many prodigal bits do slaves and flatterers gorge. And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*; and when the means is gone that buys this praise, the breath is gone whereof the praise is made.

Tim.

Tim. It is not so with my estate.

Apem. None are so honest to tell thee of thy vanities. So the Gods bless me, when all your offices have been oppress'd with riotous feeders, when every vault has wept with drunken spilth of wine, when every room has blaz'd with lights, & bray'd with Minstrels, or roaring singing Drunkards, I have retir'd to my poor homely cell, and set my eyes at flow for thee, because I find something in thee that might be worthy... but as thou art I hate and scorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more; had I no estate, I am rich in friends, my noble friends here, the dearest loving friends that ever man was blest with.

Nici. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to show how we love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but use our hearts.

Isand. We'd lay 'em out all in your service.

Phæax. Yes, all our selves; if you'd put us to a tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd serve me all; shall I distrust my Friends? I have often wisht my self poorer that I might use you... We are born to do good one to another: Friends, unless we use 'em, are like sweet instruments hung up in cases: But oh, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers, commanding one anothers fortunes! Trust me, my joy brings water to my eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho... I laugh to think that it conceiv'd a bastard.

Tim. What dost thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear these smell-feasts lye and fawn so, not only flattering thee, but thy mutton and thy partridge. These flies, who at one cloud of winter-showers, would drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the dog.

Phæax. Let the snarling cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt a Lord is kneaded!

Tim.

Tim. The Man I think is honest, and his humour hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reason wou'd do thee good,
Timon.

Mel. This is an odd snarling fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'd say the same of thee.

Mel. Why? Prethee what dost thou think of me?

Tim. He'll snarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white & red earth, the picture of Vanity drawn to the life; I am thinking how handsome that skull will be when all the flesh is off; that face thou art so proud of, is a poor, vain, transitory thing, & shortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, scurvy poor fellow.

Tim. No more of this, be not so sullen; I'll be kind to thee and better thy condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; should I be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail at thee, & then thou'dst sin the faster: *Timon*, thou givest so long, thou'lt shortly give thy self away.

Tim. I'll hear no more: Let him have a table by himself.

Apem. Let me have some roots and water, such as Nature intended for our meat & drink, before eating and drinking grew an art.

(The Meat is serv'd up with kettle-drums, & trumpets.)

Tim. Sit, dear *Melissa*, this is your feast; and all you see is yours; and all that you can wish for shall be so. Come, sit Lords, no ceremony; that was devis'd at first to set a gloss on feigned deeds, & hollow-hearted welcomes, recanting goodness, sorry e're'tis shown; true Friendship needs 'em not: you're more welcome to my fortunes, than my fortunes are to me.

(They sit.)

Will you not have some meat, *Apemantus*?

Apem.

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me; for I should ne'er flatter thee: Ye Gods, what a number of men eat *Timon*! and yet he sees 'em not. It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one mans blood; and all the madness is he cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't: I wonder men dare trust themselves with men; methinks they should invite them without knives; 'twere safer far. That fellow that sits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges his breath in a divided draught, may next day kill him. Such things have been. If I were a huge man I shou'd be afraid to drink at meals, lest they shou'd spy my wind-pipes dangerous places. Great Men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. Now my Lords, let *Melissas* health go round.

Ælius. Let it flow this way. . .

(Kettle-drums and trumpets sound.)

Apem. How this pomp shows to a little oyl & roots? These healths will make thee and thy state look ill.

Phaax. Peace, Villain.

Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner; here's honest water ne'er left man i' th' mire; this & my roots will still keep down my saucy and presumptuous flesh, that it never shall get the better of me. . . .

APEMANTUS' Grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never be so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a sleeping,
Or a gaoler with my freedom,
Or my friends if I shou'd need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and so fall to't,
Great men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus*.

Nici.

Nici. Our noble Lord *Timons* health, let it go round,
And drums and trumpets found. (*Kettle-drums, &c.*)

Apem. What madness is the pomp, the noise the
The frantick glory of this foolish life! (splendor,
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves,
And vary a thousand antick ugly shapes
Of folly and of madness, these fill up
The scenes and empty spaces of our lives.

Life's nothing but a meer dull repetition,
A vain fantastick dream, and there's an end on't.

Tim. Now my good Lords & Friends, I speak to you
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.

Nici. One word of yours must govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens*.

Tim. I speak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Phaax*.

Phaax. My good Lord command me to my death
and I'll obey.

Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades*,
(Whose enemies you have been, and whose friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*:

Not openly, because he will not trust
The insolence of the tumultuous rabble.

If he sollicitates his recalment with you,
There lives not on this earth a Man that has
Deserv'd so well from the Nobility:

He has preserv'd *Athens* ev'n in his exile;
By *Tissaphernes* power he has kept us from

The *Lacedemonian* rage, and other foes
That might have laid this City low in ashes.

How many famous battles has he won?

But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his absence he alone has wrestled

The government from the insulting vulgar,

Whose wisdom's blindness, & whose power is madness:

And plac'd it in your noble hands; methinks

You in return should take off his hard sentence
Of banishment, and render back all his estate.

Pheax. Is there a thing on earth you would com-
That we would disobey? (mand us

Nici. I am absolutely yours in all commands.

Ælius. How proud am I that I can serve Lord *Timon*!

Apem. Think'st thou thy self thy countries friend now,
His foul riot and his inordinate lust, (*Timon*?
His wavering passions, and his headlong will,
His selfish principles, his contempt of others,
His mockery, his various sports, his wantonness,
The rage and madness of his luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will soon make thine.

Isid. Hang him we'll never mind him.

Isand. When will he speak well of any man?

Apem. When I can find a man that's better than a beast,
I will fall down and worship him.

Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee:
Is the Masque ready?

Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.

Apem. What odd and childish follies slaves find out
To please and court all thy distemper'd appetites!
They spend their flatteries to devour those men
Upon whose age they'll void it up agen
With poysonous spite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or else depraves?
Who die that bear not some spurns to their graves
Of their friends giving? I should fear that those
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day stamp on me: it has been done.

Tim. Nay, if you rail at all society,
I'll hear no more.... be gone.

Apem. Thou may'st be sure I will not stay to see
thy folly any longer. Fare thee well: remember thou
would'st not hear me, thou wilt curse thy self for't.

Tim. I do not think so... fare thee well.

(Exit. *Apemantus*.)

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord, there are some Ladies masqu'd desire admittance.

Tim. Have not my doors been always open to Ev'ry *Athenian*? They do me honour; Wait on 'em in; were I not bound to do My duty here, I would.

Chloe. I have not had the opportunity to deliver this till now; it is a letter from *Alcibiades*.

Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how shall I love him, When he's restor'd to his Estate and Country? He will be richer far than *Timon* is; And I shall chuse him first of any man. How lucky 'tis I should put off my Wedding.

Enter EVANDRA with Ladies masked.

Tim. Ladies, you do my House & me great honour; I should be glad you would unmask, that I Might see to whom I ow the obligation.

Lad. We ask your pardon we are stoln out upon curiosity, and dare not own it.

Tim. Your pleasure, Ladies, shall be mine.

Evan. Is this the fine gay thing so much admir'd; That's born to rob me of my happiness, And of my life? her face is not her own, Nor is her love, nor speech, nor motion so: Her smiles, her amorous looks, she puts on all; There's nothing natural: She always acts And never shews her self; How blind is Love That cannot see this vanity! *(Masque begins.)*

Enter SHEPHERDS and NYMPHS.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph. Hark how the Songsters of the Grove
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praises fills the air,

Chorus. On ev'ry side the charming sound
Does from the hollow woods rebound.

Ritornella.

C 2

Nymph.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inspires
Their cheerful notes, their soft desires:
While heat makes buds or blossoms spring,
These pretty couples love and sing.*

Chorus *But winter puts out their desire,
with Flutes. And half the year they want Loves fire.*

Ritornella.

Full *But ah how much are our delights more dear*
Chorus. *For only Humane-kind love all the year.*

Enter the MÆNADES and ÆGIPANES.

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, who always keeps us free
From that blind childish power.*

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,
And sneak, and sigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have lusty Wine.*

Chorus
with
haut-boy. } *Then hang the dull wretch who has care in
his soul,
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Law
can controul,
If within his right hand he can have a
full bowl.*

Nymph. *Go drivel and snore with your fat God of Wine
Your swell'd faces with pimples adorning,
Soak your brains over night & your senses resign,
And forget all you did the next morning.
With dull aking noddles live on in a mist,
And never discover true joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not resist,
The Empire he slights he'd destroy.*

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts should ache,
His childish Empire we despise;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a lever to be wise.
Better, &c.*

2 Bach.

Bach. *Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the terrour off from War:
To Loves afflictions it gives ease,
And to its joy does best prepare.
It sweetens, &c.*

Nymph. *'Tis love that makes great Monarchs fight,
The end of wealth and power is love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the old to youth improve.*

Ritornella of Haut-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their veins,
Makes cowards valiant, fools grow wise,
Provokes low pens to lofty strains,
And makes the young loves chains despise.*

Ritornella.

Nymphs and Shepherds. *Love rules the world.*

Mænades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Nymphs and Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*

Mænades and Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter BACCHUS and CUPID.

Bacchus. *Hold, hold, our forces are combin'd,
And we together rule Mankind.*

General *Then we with our pipes, & our voices will join*

Chorus. *To sound the loud praises of Love & good Wine.
Wine gives vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go
down;*

*And by Love and good drinking, all the world
is our own.*

Tim. *'Tis well design'd, & well perform'd, & I'll
reward you well: let us retire into my next apartment,
where I've devis'd new pleasures for you, & where
I will distribute some small presents, to testify my love
and gratitude.*

Phæax. *A noble Lord!*

Ælius. *Bounty it self.*

Tim. *Thus, my Melissa, will we always spend our
time in pleasures; but whoe'er enjoys thee, has all
this life affords sum'd up in that.*

Evan. These words did once belong to me, but Oh! My stubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?

Tim. Ladies I hope you'll honour me with your presence, and accept of a collation.

Lady. We ask your pardon, and must leave you.

Tim. *Demetrius*, wait on them.

Evan. My Lord, I'd speak with you alone.

Tim. Be pleased, Madam, to retire with your Father, I'll wait on you instantly. (To *Melissa*.

(*Exeunt all but Timon and Evandra.*
Who are you, Madam?

Evan. One who is come to take her last leave of you.

Tim. *Evandra*! What confusion am I in!

Evan. I am sorry in the midst of all your joys I should disturb you thus: I had a mind To see you once before I dy'd; I ne'er Shall trouble you again.

Tim. Let me not hear these killing words.

Evan. They'll be my last, & therefore give 'em room: I am hastning to my death; then you'll be happy; I ne'er shall interrupt your joys again, Unless the memory of me should make You drop some tears upon my dust. I know Your noble nature will remember that *Evandra* was, and once was dear to you, And lov'd you so, that she cou'd die to make You happy.

Tim. Ah dear *Evandra*! that would make Me wretched far below all misery; I'd rather kill my self than hear that news: I call the Gods to witness, there's not one On earth I more esteem.

Evan. Esteem! alas!

It is too weak a cordial to preserve My fading life; I see your passion's grown Too headstrong for you. Oh, my dearest *Timon*! I, while I have any breath, must call you so; Had you but made one struggle for my sake,

And

And striven against the raging fury of
Your fatal love, I should have dy'd contented.
But Oh! false to your self, to all my hopes,
And me, you sukt the subtile poyson in
So greedily, you would not stay to taste it.

Tim. She moves me strongly; I have found from her
The truest and the tenderest love that e'er
Woman yet bore to Man.

Evan. I find you're gone too far in the disease
T'admit a cure: I will perswade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.

Tim. Oh talk no more of death: I'll love you still:
I can love two at once, trust me I can.

Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or
nothing:

I love you so, I cannot live to see
That dear, most adored person in anothers arms:
My love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Melissa*.
No, dear false Man, you soon shall be at rest,
I came but to receive a parting kiss:
You'll not deny me that?

Tim. I'll not part with you; we'll be friends for ever.

Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the last, I'll never see you more;
And may *Melissa* ever love you, as
The excellence of your form deserves; and may
She please you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.

Tim. Aside. Gods! Why should I not love this
Woman best?

She has deserv'd beyond all measure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are;
But I have had her stock of love already.
Oh most accursed charm, that thus perverts me!
To her. Y' have made a woman of me.

Evan. I'll have but one last look of that bewitching
face that ruin'd me. Oh, I could devour it with my
eyes:

eyes: but I'll remove it from thee. I ne'er shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee satisfaction.

Evan. No, dearest enemy, I'll remove the guilt From thee, and thus I'll place it on my self.

(Offers to stab her self.)

Tim. Hold dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'st my life, Preserve thy own; for here I swear that minute When thou attemptst thy life, I will lose mine. Where's *Diphilus*?

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diph. Here my Lord.

Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care Sh' attempts not any mischief on her self:

She's agitated by a dang'rous passion.

My dear, let *Diphilus* wait on thee home:

As soon as e'er my company is gone,

I'll see thee, and convince thee that I love thee.

Evan. No, no: I cannot hope... farewell for ever.

(Ex. Diph. and Evan.)

Tim. I must resolve on something for her comfort; For th' Empire of the Earth I wou'd not lose her; There is not one of all her sex exceeds her In love, or beauty...

O miserable state of humane life!

We flight all the injoyments which we have;

And those things only value which we have not.

Where is *Demetrius*?

Dem. My Lord!

Tim. Where is the Casket which I spoke for?

Dem. It is here, my Lord; I beg your Lordship hear me speak, I have business that concerns you nearly...

Tim. Some other time; of late thou dost perplex me Each moment with the hateful name of business, That mortal foe to pleasure; I'll not hear it.

(Exit Timon.)

Dem. So! all now is at an end!

He does command us to provide great gifts,

And

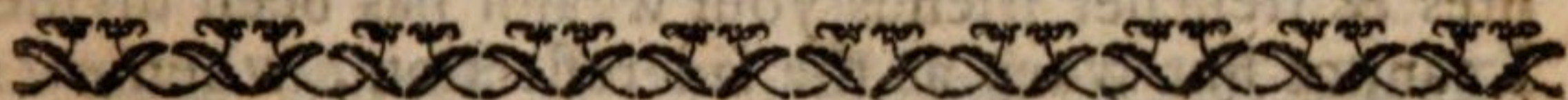
THE MAN-HATER.

42

And all out of an empty coffer.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; He owes
For every word; His land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my office; lest he shou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his service. Well!

*Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such who do even enemies exceed.*

(Exit Demet.)



A C T I I I.

Enter TIMON and DEMETRIUS.

T I M O N.

D*emetrius!* How comes it that I have been thus in-
counter'd with clamorous demands of broken
bonds, and the unjust detention of money long since
due? I knew I was in debt, but did not think I had
gone so far; wherefore before this time did you not
lay my 'state fully before me?

Dem. You would not hear me. At many times I
brought in my accounts, laid 'em before you. . . .
you would throw 'em off, and say, you found 'em
in my honesty. I have beyond good manners, pray'd
you often to hold your hand more close, and was
rebuk'd for't.

Tim. You should have prest it further.

Dem. What e'er I durst I did, it was my interest;
for if my Lord be poor, what then must I be? Call
me before the exactest Auditors, and let my life lie
on the proof. O my good Lord, the World is but
a word; if it were yours to give it in a breath, how
quickly were it gone?

Tim. Have you no money in the treasury?

C 5

Dem.

42 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Dem. Not enough to supply the riot of two meals.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Dem. 'Tis all engag'd; and some already's forfeited and gone: that which remains will scarce pay present dues; the future come apace.

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.

Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept, to think what it would come to.

Tim. Prithee no more, I know thou'rt honest.

Dem. It grieves me to consider amongst what Parasites & trencher friends your wealth has been divided. I cannot but weep at the sad reflection, when every word of theirs was greedily attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd from Oracles: I never could be heard.

Tim. Come, preach no more, thou soon shalt find that I have not misplac'd my bounty; why dost weep? I am rich in Friends & can use all their wealth freely as I can bid thee speak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You soon shall see how you mistake my fortune. Now I shall try my friends. Who waits there?

Enter three SERVANTS.

I Serv. My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phæax* & to *Cleon*, you to *Isander* and *Ælius*, you to *Isidore* and *Thrasillus*. Commend me to their loves, & let them know, I'm proud that my occasions make me use 'em for a supply of money. Let thy request be fifty Talents, from each man.

I Serv. We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou *Demetrius*, shalt go to the Senate, from whom, even to the States best health, I have deserv'd this hearing. Petition them to send me 500. Talents.

Dem. I must obey. The next room's full of importunate Slaves & hungry Creditors, go not to 'em.

(Ex. Dem.)

Tim. What! must my doors be oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and those been open

For

For all *Athenians* to go in and out
 At their own pleasure? My Porter at my gate
 Ne'er kept man out, but smil'd and did invite
 All that past by it, in, and must he be
 My Gaoler, and my house my prison! no,
 I'll not despair: my Friends will never fail me.

(Exit.

Scene is the Porch, or Cloister of the Stoicks.

APEMANTUS speaking to the people & several Senators.

Apem. 'Mongst all the loathsome base diseases of
 Corrupted Nature, Pride is most contagious.
 Behold the poorest miserable Wretch
 Which the Sun shines on; in the midst of all
 Diseases, rags, want, infamy and slavery,
 The fool will find out something to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deserve my precepts, you shall
 have 'em,
 Mean while, If I'll be honest, I must rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phæax. Our Government is too remiss in suffering
 the licence of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lording who's puffed up,
 And swells with the opinion of his greatness;
 He's an Ass. For why does he respect himself so,
 But to make others do it? wretched Ass!
 By the same means he seeks respect, he loses it.
 Mean thing! does he not play the fool, and eat,
 And drink, and void his excrements, and stink,
 Like other men, and die and rot so too?
 What then shou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
 And that's a word some other men cannot
 Prefix before their names: what then? A word
 That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
 Or if 't was made a Lord, perhaps it was
 By blindness or partiality i' th' Government.

If

If for desert, he loses it in pride;
 Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
 Them for himself; himself shou'd then reward' em.
 Oh but perhaps he's rich. 'Tis a million to one there
 was villany in the getting of that dirt; and he has the
 nobility to have Knaves for his Ancestors.

Phaax. Hang thee thou snarling Rascal; the Govern-
 ment's to blame in suffering thee to rail so long.

Apem. The Government's to blame in suffering the
 things I rail at. In suffering Judges without Beards,
 or Law; Secretaries that can't write; Generals that
 durst not fight; Ambassadors that can't speak sence;
 Block-heads to be great Ministers, and lord it over
 witty Men; suffering great Men to sell their Country
 for filthy bribes; old limping Senators to sell their Souls
 for vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent; and
 Magistrates to pimp for their own Daughters. Ruine
 of Orphans, Treachery, Murther, Rapes, Incests,
 Adulteries, and Unnatural sins, fill all your dwelling:
 here's the shame of Government, and not my railing.
 Men of hardn'd foreheads, and fear'd hearts! 'Tis a
 weak and infirm Government, that is so froward it
 cannot bear mens words.

Ælius. Well, babling, Philosophical Rascal, we shall
 make you tremble one day.

Apem. Never; } *Enter Timon's*
 } *3 Servants.*
 Sordid great Man! it is not in your power:
 I fear not man no more than I can love him.
 'Twere better for us that wild beasts posselt
 The Empire of the Earth, they'd use men better,
 Than these do one another. They'd ne'er prey
 On man but for necessity of nature:
 Man undoes Man in wantonness and sport:
 Brutes are much honefter than he; my Dog
 When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
 He is in earnest; but a Man shall smile,
 And wish my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, say'st thou?

I Serv.

I Serv. Yes! he says he's proud he has occasion to make use of you.

Cleon. Is 't come to that? *(Aside.*
 Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me, but here are other Lords can do it. I honour him so, that if he will, I'll sell my Land for him; but prethee excuse me to him, I am in great haste at this time.

(Ex. Cleon.

I Serv. 'Tis as I thought. How monstrous & deform'd a thing is base ingratitude! Here's *Phaax*. My Lord?

Phaax. Oh! one of Lord *Timons* men? A gift I warrant you. Why this hits right. I dreamt of a silver baïson and ewer to-night. How does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

I Serv. Well in his health, my Lord.

Phaax. I am heartily glad: What hast thou under thy cloak, honest youth?

I Serv. An empty box, which by my Lords command,

I come to entreat your Honour to supply
 With fifty Talents he has instant need of.
 He bids me say he does not doubt your friendship.

Phaax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord! He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept so good a house, 'twould have been better: I've often din'd with him, and told him of it, & come again to supper for that purpose to have him spend less, but 'twould not do: I am sorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful and of good parts.

I Serv. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Phaax. A prompt spirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'st what's reason; and canst use thy time well, if the time use thee well... 'Tis no time to lend money: Thou are wise, here's money for thee... good Lad wink at me and say thou saw'st me not.

I Serv. Is't possible the world should differ so, and we alive that liv'd in't? *Apens.*

Apem. What art thou sent to invite those Knaves
again

To feast with thy luxurious Lord?

1 Serv. No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
and this Lord has given me this, to say, I did not
see him.

Apem. Is 't come to that already?

Base slavish *Phaax*, thou of the Nobility!

Let molten coin be thy damnation.

Phaax. Peace, dog.

Apem. Thou worse! thou trencher-fly, thou flat-
terer,

Thou hast *Timons* meat still in thy gluttonous paunch,
And dost deny him money. Why should it thrive,
And turn to nutriment, when thou art poison?

2 Serv. My noble Lord.

Isand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my noblest
Friend?

2 Serv. May it please your honour, he has sent...

Isand. Hah... what has he sent? I am so much
oblig'd to him, he's ever sending. How shall I thank
him? Hah! what has he sent?

2 Serv. He has sent me to tell you he has occasion
to use your friendship; he has instant need of fifty
Talents...

Isand. Is that the business? Hah! I know his Ho-
nour is but merry with me, he cannot want as many
hundreds.

2 Serv. Yes, he wants fifty, but is assured of your
Honours friendship.

Isand. Thou art not sure in earnest?

2 Serv. Upon my life I am.

Isand. What an unfortunate wretch am I, to dis-
furnish my self upon soo good a time, when I might
have shown how much I love & honour him? This
is the greatest affliction e'er fell upon me: the Gods
can witness for me, I was just sending to my Lord
my self. I have no power to serve him, my heart
bleeds

bleeds for't. I hope his Honour will conceive the best... Beast that I am, that the first good occasion shou'd not be in my power to use; I beg a thousand pardons... Tell him so...

Apem. Thou art an excellent summer friend! How often hast thou dipt i' th' dish with him? He has been a Father to thee with his purse, supported thy estate; when e'er thou drink'st, his silver kisses thy base lips; thou rid'st upon his horses, lyest on his beds.

Isand. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out.

(*Ex. Isand.*)

2 Serv. My Lord *Thrasillus*...

Thra. He's come to borrow, I must shun him; I hope your Lord is well.

2 Serv. Yes, my Lord, and has sent me...

Thra. To invite me to dinner. I am in great haste... but I'll wait on him if I can possible. (*Ex. Thra.*)

Apem. Good Fool, go home.

Dost think to find a grateful man in *Athens*?

3 Serv. If my Lords occasions did not press very much, I would not urge it.

Ælius. Why would he send to me? I am poor. There's *Phæax*, *Cleon*, *Isidore*, *Thrasillus*, and *Isander*, and many men that owe their Fortunes to him.

3 Serv. They have been toucht & found base mettle.

Ælius. Have they deni'd him; and must you come to me? must I be his last refuge? 'Tis a great slight: must I be last sought to? He might have consider'd who I am.

3 Serv. I see he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the first that e'er receiv'd gift from him, and I will keep it for his Honours sake; but at present I cannot possibly supply him: Besides, my Father made me swear upon his death, I never should lend any money: I've kept the oath ever since. Fare thee well. (*Ex. Ælius.*)

3 Serv. They all fly us!

Apem.

Apem. The barbarous herd of mankind shun one in affliction, & turn him out as deer to one that's hunted. Go, go home to thy fond Lord, and bid him curse himself that would not hear me: bid him live on roots and water, & know himself; for he had better have shun'd Mankind than be deserted by them. (*Ex. Omnes.*)

Enter MELISSA and CHLOE.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* so lost i' th' world? With what amazement will the news of this so sudden alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians*?

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as Death or Fate! my Father has assur'd me of it, that he is a bankrupt, his credit gone, & all his ravenous creditors with open jaws swallow him. 'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll stand upon my guard.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below desires admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be the Lord *Timon*, or any one from him, say I am not well; I will not be seen; be sure I be not.

Chloe. I warrant you. (*Ex. Chloe.*)

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, base Poverty shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades* recall'd he would adore me still, and wou'd be rich too.

Enter ALCIBIADES in disguise, & CHLOE.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in disguise, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Melissa* does. (*Pulls off his disguise.*)

Mel. My *Alcibiades*! my Hero!

The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have crown'd all my wishes. Thou'rt more welcome

To me than the return of the Suns heat

Is to the frozen region of the north,

That's cover'd half the year with snow & darkness.

Alcib. My joy, my life, my blood, my soul, my liberty,

And all that's precious on the earth, I have

Within

Within my arms: This treasure far outweighs
The joys of Conquest, or deliverance
From banishment or slavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee.
All day I sigh'd and wisht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertain'd'st my sleeps;
And whensoever I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams I was
valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my divine *Melissa*! the cordial of thy
love is of so strong a spirit, 'twill overcome me: one
kiss and take my Soul; another and 'twill sally out.
Oh, I could fix whole Ages on thy tender lips; and
pity all the Fools that keep a senseless pother in the
world for pow'r, and pomp, and noise, & lose sub-
stantial bliss.

Mel. There is no bliss but love; and but for that
the world would fall in pieces! Oh with what a grief
have I sustain'd thy absence! had not my Father pre-
vented my escape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens*' safety that thou did'st not;
I had neglected all my conquests, which preserved
this base ungrateful Town; for I in thee shou'd have
all that I sought for; Thou would'st have been life,
liberty, country, & estate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wishes,
If the ungrateful Senate let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They soon would call me home again to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every stroke the memory of *Melissa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more disturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace possess it,
Let not the noise of drums and trumpets clangor,
Clashing of Arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding Men, entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate shall not dare remove me from thee;
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toss their usurious bags about their ears,
Rifle their houses, deflower their wives and daughters;
And dash their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Melissa*, since our hearts so long
Have been united, let's not stay for friends,
For ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above senseless formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none shall invade my virtue
Without my life; but on my knees I vow
No other Man, though crown'd the Emperour
Of all the world, should ever have my love:
And though thy Country basely should desert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here I swear,
That could I conquer all the Universe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy self I swear,
An oath more sacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which knavish Priests invent,
Are to the poor deluded rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet forgotten
his enmity; the breaking of the peace with the Lace-
dæmonians, and his foil which he thinks you caus'd
in *Sicily*, he'll not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all sufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter TIMON and SERVANT.

Tim. Is't possible? Deserted thus? What large pro-
fessions did all these make but yesterday? Did they all
refuse to lend, say you?

Serv. The rumour of your borrowing was soon
disperst, and then at sight of one of us, they would
stop, start, turn short, pass by, or seem to overlook us,
and

THE MAN-HATER.

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and avoided us, as if we had been their mortal enemies. And who suspected not, when they were mov'd, came off with base excuses.

Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon*? I'll go to 'em my self, they will not have the face to use me so.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Oh Demetrius! what news bring'st thou from the Senate?

Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.

Tim. Just Gods! it cannot be.

Dem. They answer in a joint and corporate voice, That now they are at ebb, want Treasure, cannot Do what they would; are sorry; you are honourable; But yet they could have wish'd; they know not what; Something has been amiss; a noble nature May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity; And so intending other serious matters, After distastful looks, and these hard fractions, With certain half caps and cold careless nods, They froze me into silence.

Tim. The Gods reward their villainy, old Men Have their ingratitude natural to 'em; Their blood is cak'd and cold, it seldom flows; 'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel; And Nature as it grows again toward earth Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. Heav'n keep my wits! or is't a blessing to be mad?

Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my self.

Dem. The Senate is assembling again, You'll find 'em in the Senate-house. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter many CREDITORS with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, what makes this swarm of Rascals here?

Each looking big, with the visage of demand.

1 Cred. We wait for certain sums of money due.

D 2

Dem.

Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
 Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
 When your false Matters eat of my Lords meat?
 Then they would smile & cringe, & fawn upon him
 And swallow the interest down their greedy throats.

Enter TIMON and Servants.

Tim. If *Melissa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on
 her suddenly.

1 Cred. Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.

2 Cred. Here's mine.

3 Cred. And mine.

4 Cred. My Masters.

Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
 cleave me to the waste. What would you have,
 you Harpys?

1 Cred. We ask our due.

Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.

4 Cred. My Masters is thirty Talents.

Tim. Tell it out of my blood.

2 Cred. Five thousand Crowns is mine.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
 What yours, and yours?

3 Cred. My Lord.

1 Cred. My Lord.

Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces will you?
 The Gods consume, confound, and rot you all.

1 Cred. What a Devil, is he mad?

2 Cred. Mercy on us, let us be gone.

3 Cred. Let's go, he'll murder some of us.

Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
 Slaves, Creditors, Dogs! preserve my wits, you Gods.

Dem. My Lord, be patient; passion mends it not.

(Lampridius crosses the stage and shuns Timon.)

Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of
 Prison. His Father dead since, and he rich;
 Now the villain shuns me.

Enter

THE MAN-HATER.

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Enter PHAAX.

Oh my good friend *Phaax*.

Phaax. Oh my Lord. . . . I am glad to see your Lordship. I have a sudden occasion calls me hence, I'll wait on you instantly. (*Ex. Phaax.*)

Enter CLEON.

Tim. My Lord.

Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to see If I can serve your Lordship in the command I receiv'd from you by your Servant. (*Ex. Cleon.*)

Tim. Oh black ingratitude! that villain has A Jewel at this moment on, which I presented him, Cost me three thousand crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like these.

Tim. There are not many sure so bad. How have I lov'd these men, & shewn 'em kindness, As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

Enter DIPHILUS seeing TIMON, muffles his face and turns away.

Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to the old Mans Daughter, and gave him an Estate too; and now he hides himself, & steals from me? How much is a Dog more generous than a Man; oblige him once, he'll keep you company, ev'n in your utmost want and misery.

Enter ÆLIUS.

Who's that? *Ælius*? My Lord. . . *Ælius*! *Demetrius*, go let him know *Timon* would speak with him. . .

(*Dem. goes to him, he turns back.*)

Do you not know me, *Ælius*?

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon*!

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you shun me then?

Ælius. I shun you? I'd serve your Lordship with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuse me money, wou'd venture his life for me.

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Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my power to supply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a debtor, if I receive any, your Lordship shall command it. *(Ex. Ælius.)*

Tim. Had I so lately all the caps and knees of *Athens*? And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter THRASILLUS.

Thras. Who's there? *Timon*? *(Runs back.)*

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter ISANDER.

How is't, *Isander*?

Isand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon*!

Tim. What, did I fright you? Am I become so dreadful an object? is poverty contagious?

Isand. Your Lordship ever shall be dear to me. It makes me weep to think I cou'd not serve you when you sent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate. I humbly ask your pardon; I'll sell all I have but I'll supply you soon. *(Ex. Isander.)*

Tim. Smooth tongue, dissembling, weeping Knave farewell. And farewell all Mankind! It shall be so...

Demetrius! Go to all these fellows. Tell 'em I'm supply'd, I have no need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good as formerly it has been. That this was but a tryal, and invite 'em all to dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? *(Ex. Demetrius.)*

Tim. I have one reserve can never fail me, and while *Melissa's* kind I can't be miserable; she has a vast fortune in her own disposal. The Sun will sooner leave his course than she desert me.

Enter first SERVANT.

Is *Melissa* at home?

I Serv. She is, my Lord; but will not see you.

Tim. What does the Rascal say? Damn'd villain to belye her so? *(Strikes him.)*

I Serv.

Serv. By Heav'n 'tis truth. She says she will not see you. Her Woman told me first so; and when I would not believe her, she came and told me so herself; that she had no business with you; desir'd you would not trouble her; she had affairs of consequence; &c.

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art fallen indeed, fallen from all thy hopes of happiness. Earth, open and swallow the most miserable wretch that thou did'st ever bear.

Enter MELISSA.

Serv. My Lord, *Melissa's* passing by.

Tim. Oh dear *Melissa*!

Mel. Is he here? What luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? Not see your *Timon*? And did not you send me word so?

Enter EVANDRA.

Mel. I was very busy and am so now; I must obey my Father; I am going to him.

Tim. Was it not *Melissa* said; If *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and misery, and she were Queen of all the Universe, she would not change her love?

Mel. We can't command our wills; our fate must be obey'd. *(Ex. Mel.)*

Tim. Some mountain cover me; and let my name; My odious name be never heard of more. O stragling senses whither are you going? Farewel, and may we never meet again.

Evandra! how does the sight of her perplex me! I've been ungrateful to her; why should I blame villains who are so to me?

Evand. Oh *Timon*! I have heard and felt all thy afflictions; I thought I never shou'd have seen thee more; Nor ever would, had'st thou continu'd prosperous. Let false *Melissa* basely fly from thee, *Evandra* is not made of that course stuff.

Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful Man!

Evand. No, since I first beheld my ador'd *Timon*, they have been fixt upon thee present, & when absent I've each moment view'd thee in my mind; & shall they now remove?

Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched caitif? who has such a load of misery beyond the strength of humane nature to support?

Evand. I am no base Athenian Parasite, to fly from thy calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.

Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born. Accursed *Athens*! Forest of two legg'd beasts; Plague, civil-war, and famine be thy lot: Let propagation cease, that none of thy Confounding spurious wretched brood may spring To infect and damn succeeding generations. May every Infant like the Viper gnaw A passage through his Mothers cursed womb, And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it, May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches Devour their own base Whelps.

Evand. *Timon*! compose thy thoughts, I know thy wants,

And that thy Creditors like wild beasts wait To prey upon thee; and base *Athens* has To its eternal infamy deserted thee. But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra* Has so enrich'd her, she in wealth can vie With any of th' extorting Senators, And comes to lay it at thy feet.

Tim. Thy most amazing generosity o'erwhelms me; It covers me all o'er with shame and blushes. Thou hast oblig'd a wretch too much already, And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra*! I have rage and madness, and I shall infect thee. Earth! take me to thy center; open quickly! Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. O my dear Lord! this sight will break my heart Take comfort to you, let your Creditors

Swallow

THE MAN-HATER.

57

Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the smiles and frowns of humane kind;
I shall have all I wish for, having thee.

Tim. My senses are not found, I never can
Deserve thee: I have us'd thee scurvily.

Evand. No, my dear *Timon*, thou hast not.
Comfort thy self, if thou hast been unkind,
Forgive thy self, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will; nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated so injuriously as her... (*Aside.*

Evand. Pray, my Lord, go home; strive to compose your self. All that I have was & is yours; I wish it neer had been, that yet I might have shewn by stronger proofs how much I love my *Timon*.

Tim. Most excellent of all the whole creation; thou art too good that thou should'st e'er partake of my misfortunes...

And I am resolv'd not to involve her in 'em. (*Aside.*
Prithee, Evandra, go to thy own house, I am once to give my flatt'ring Rogues an entertainment, but such a one as shall besit 'em; and then I'll see thee.

Evand. Heav'n ever bless my dear.

(*Ex. Timon and Evandra.*

Enter PHÆAX, CLEON, ISANDER, ISIDORE, THRASILLUS, ÆLIUS.

Phæax. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward assur'd me his condition was near as good as ever.

Isand. That I doubt... but 'tis well at present, by his new feasting.

Ælius. I am sorry I was not furnish'd when he sent to me.

Isid. I am sick of that grief, now I see how all things go.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. Oh! my kind friends! how is it with you all? How I rejoyce to see you! Come, serve in dinner.

18 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Phaax. My noble Lord! never so well as when your Lordship is so.

Ælius. I am sick with shame that I should be so unfortunate a beggar when you sent to me.

Tim. No more, no more, I did but make tryal; I have no need of any sums; my estate is in good health still.

Phaax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuse your Lordship, were it in his power? Command half my estate! I am sorry I was so in haste. I could not stay to tell you this. I have receiv'd bills even now; Pray use me... I hope he will not take me at my word. (*Aside.*)

Isand. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord that I could not serve you. Now my Lord command me... I am able.

Tim. I beseech you do not think on't: I know ye love me, all of ye.

Phaax. Equal with our selves, my dear Lord.

Thrafi. If you had sent but two hours before to me...

Cleon. Now I have money pray command it.

Tim. No more, for Heav'n's sake, think you I distrust my kind good friends! you are the best of friends. My Fortune ne'er shall drive me from you; and should mine fail, which I hope it never will, I know I may command all yours.

Phaax. I shall think my self happy enough if you would but command my utmost *drachma*.

Ælius. That were honour indeed; to serve Lord *Timon*; I would with life and fortune.

Isand. Alas! who would not be proud of it?

Isid. Not a Man in *Athens*.

Cleon. There's no foot of my estate your Lordship may not call your own.

Thrasil. Nor mine, my noble Lord.

Tim. Thanks to my worthy friends. Who has such kind, such hearty friends as I have?

Ælius. All cover'd dishes.

Isand.

Isid. Royal chear I warrant you.

Phaax. Doubt not of that; if money or the season can afford it.

Isid. The same good Lord still.

Tim. Come, my worthy friends, let's sit! make it not a City Feast, to let the meat cool e'er we agree upon our places.

THE GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves praised for your own gifts, base ungrateful Man will not do it of himself. Reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despis'd: were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake ye. Make the meat be lov'd more than the Man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve Women let a dozen of'em be W.... as they are. Confound, I beseech you all, the Senators of Athens, together with the common people: What is amiss make fit for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, & to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes, a Feast fit for such venomous Knaves.

Phaax. What does he mean?

Ælius. He's mad I think.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold;
You knot of mouth-friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, trencher-Friends, time flies,
Cap and knee Slaves; an everlasting leprosie
Crust you quite o'er. What, dost thou steal away!
Soft take thy physick first, and thou and thou;
Stay I will lend thee money... borrow none.

Phaax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.
Cleon.

60 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Cleon. And I, he'll murder us.

Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly.

(*They run off.*)

Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, Man and all humanity.*

(*Ex. Timon.*)



ACT IV.

TIMON *solus.*

TIMON.

L Et me look back upon thee! O thou wall
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile den
Of savage beasts; ye Matrons all turn whores;
Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their stead. To general filth
Convert o' th' instant green virginity.
Do't in their Parents eyes. Bankrupts hold fast,
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants steal;
Large handed Robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy masters bed,
Mistress to the brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping Sire,
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let Confusion live. Plagues incident to Men;
Your

Your potent and infectious feavers heap
 On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
 Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of Virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot. Itches, blains,
 Sow all the *Athenians* bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosie. Breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison. Nothing, I bear from thee:
 Farewel, thou most detested Town, and sudden
 Ruine swallow thee. (Ex. Tim.)

Scene the Senate-House, all the Senate sitting.

ALCIBIADES.

Nici. How dare you, *Alcibiades*, well knowing
 Your Sentence not recalled, venture hither?

Alcib. You see, my reverend Lords, what confidence
 I place in you, that durst expose my person
 Before my Sentence be recalld: I am not now
 Petitioner for my self; I leave my case
 To your good and generous natures, when you shall
 Think I've deserv'd your favour for my service,
 I am an humble suitor to your vertue,
 For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
 'Tis for a gallant Officer of mine;
 As brave a Man as e'er drew sword for *Athens*:
 'Tis *Thrasibulus*, who in heat of blood,
 Has stept into the Law above his depth.

Nici. True, he has kill'd a Man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they re-
 fuse all mercy. He is a Man (setting his fault aside)
 of comely vertues; nor did he soil the fact with
 cowardice; but with a noble fury did revenge his
 injur'd reputation.

Phaex.

Phaax. You strive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nici. As if you'd bring man-slaughter into form,
And valour did consist in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a base and illegitimate valour:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer.

Isand. All single combats are detestable,
And courage that's not warranted by Law,
Is much too dangerous a vice to go unpunished.

Isid. If injuries be evil, death is most ill; and then
what folly is it for the less ill to hazard life the chiefest
good?

Cleon. There's no such courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be such valour in bearing, what do
we abroad? Women are then more valiant that stay
at home: And the Ass a better Captain than is the
Lyon. The Malefactor that's loaden with irons, is
wiser than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make gross sins look clean with
Eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond Men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats, and sleep upon 'em,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?
Come, my Lords come, be pittiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmost law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreamest guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phaax. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
but the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that. Let him that has no anger judge him:
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault... had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You speak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuse his crime, consider
who he is, & what he has done; his service at *Lacedæmon* & *Byzantium*, are bribes sufficient for his life.

Nici.

Nici. He did his duty, and was rewarded with his pay, & if he had not done it, he should be punisht.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return for Souldiers toils, fasting and watching; the many cruel hardships which they suffer; the multitude of hazards, blood, and loss of limbs?

Isid. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has slain in fight hundreds of Enemies! How full of Valour did he bear himself In the last conflict! what death & wounds he gave!

Isid. H' have given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter; he has a sin that often drowns him; in that beastly fury he has committed outrages.

Phaax. Such as we shall not name, since others were concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nici. In short, His days are foul, and nights are dangerous; And he must die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight; And done you service. If not for his deserts; Consider all my actions, Lords, and joyn 'em With his... your reverend ages love security, And therefore shou'd cherish those that give it you;

Phaax. You are too bold... he dies. No more...

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What says he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Isid. Consider well the place, & who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me. Must I sue for such common grace, and be deny'd? My wounds ake at you!

Nici. Y' are insolent! we have not forgotten yet your riot and destructive vices, whoredoms, prophe- neness, giddy-headed passions.

Phaax. Your breaking *Mercurys* statues, & mocking the mysteries of sacred *Proserpine*.

Alcib.

Alcib. Insolent! how you provoke me. I am vext to see your malice vented in a place where honest Men would only think on publick interest. 'Tis base, and in another place you would not speak thus.

Nici. How say you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been the favourites of the Rabble, and the Rites of *Proserpine*: These things are mockery to Men of sence. What folly 'tis to worship statues, when you'd kick the rogues that made 'em!

Phaax. How dare you talk thus? You have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the basest of mankind urge that to me by whom he keeps that head that utters this against me? My Rebellion! It was against the common people; & you all are Rebels against them.

Nici. Cease your insolence! we sided not with *Spartans*.

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' *Athenian* rabble but that?

Phaax. It was well done to get your friend King *Agis* his Wife with child in his absence.

Alcib. He was a blockhead, & I mended his breed for him... But what is that to the matter now in hand? You have provo'kd me, Lords, and I must tell you, it is by me you sit in safety here.

Phaax. By you, bold Man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man! You have incens'd me now beyond all patience, and I must tell you what ye owe me, Lords. 'Twas I that kept great *Tissaphernes* from the *Spartans* aid, by which *Athens* by this had been one heap of rubbish; I stopt a hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*, which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made this *Tissaphernes*, *Athens* friend, upon condition that they would awe the common people, and take the government into the best Mens hands: would you were so! I sent *Pisander* then to form his Aristocracy, & promis'd the *Persian* General

tal Forces to assist you; & when you had this pow'r, you cast me off that got it you.

Nici. My Lords, let him be silenc'd; shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, & then your pleasure, Lords. Did not your Army in the Isle of *Samos*, offended at your government, chuse me General? And would have march't to your destruction, which I diverted? In that time your foes would soon have won the Country of *Jonia*, of th' *Hellespont*, and all the other Isles, while you had been employ'd at home with civil-wars. I kept some back by force, by fair words others; in which *Thrasibulus*, this man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn, having the loudest voice of all the *Athenians*, employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army; and thus we kept'em from you Lords, & now *Athens* a second time was sav'd by me.

Phæax. 'Tis a shame that we should suffer this!

Alcib. 'Tis a shame these things are unrewarded. Another time I kept five hundred sail of the *Phœnicians* from the aid of the *Lacedæmonians*; won from 'em a sea Battle, before the City of *Abidus*; in spight of *Pharnabazus's* mighty power. Think on my Victory at *Cizicum*, where I slew *Mendorus* in the field, and took the City. I brought then the *Bithynians* to your yoke; won *Silibraa* on the *Hellespont*, and then *Byzantium*: Thus not only I diverted the torrent of the Armys fury from you, but turn'd it on the enemies, and all the while you safely told your money, & let it out upon extorted interest. Must I be after all this poorly deny'd his life, who has so often ventur'd it for you?

Phæax. He dies, and you deserve it; but our sentence is, for your insolence, we banish you. If you be two hours more within these walls, your head is forfeited. Do you all consent?

All Sen. All, all!

Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all! Banish me! Banish your dotage! Your extortion! Banish your foul corruptions and self ends! Oh the base spirit of a Common-wealth! One Tyrant is much better than four hundred. The worst of Kings would be ashamed of this. I am only rich in my large hurts from you. Is this the balsam the ill natur'd Senate pours into Captains wounds? Ha! Banishment! A good Man would not stay with you; I embrace my Sentence: 'tis a cause that's worthy of me. (*Ex. Alcib.*)

Nic. Was ever heard such daring insolence? Shall we break up the Senate?

All. Sen. Ay, ay!

TIMON, in the Woods, digging.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the fens, the bogs and muddy marshes, and from corrupted standing lakes, rotten humidity enough to infect the air with dire consuming Pestilence, and let the poisonous exhalations fall down on the *Athenians*. They're all Flatterers, & so is all Mankind. For every degree of fortune's smooth'd and sooth'd by that below it; the learn'd pate ducks to the golden Fool; There's nothing level in our conditions, but base villany; therefore be abhorr'd each Man, & all society. Earth yield me roots; thou common whore of Mankind, that put'st such odds amongst the rout of Nations; I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here? Gold! yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough to purchase my estate again: Let me see further what a vast mass of treasure's here! There ly, I will use none, 't will bring me Flatterers. I'll send a pattern on't to the *Athenians*; and let 'em know what a vast mass I've found, which I'll keep from 'em. I think I see a Passenger not far off, I'll send it by him to the Senate. (*Ex. Timon.*)

Enter EVANDRA.

Evan. How long shall I seek my unhappy Lord? But I will find him or will lose my life.

Oh

Oh base and shameful villany of Man,
 Amongst so many thousands he has oblig'd,
 Not one would follow him in his afflictions!
 Ha! here is a spade! sure this belongs to some one
 Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Who's there? What beast art thou that com'st
 to trouble me?

Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to seek
 the poor distressed *Timon*, did you see him?

Tim. If thou be'st born of wicked humane race,
 why com'st thou hither to disturb his mind? He has
 forsworn all company?

Evan. Is this my Lord, oh dreadful transformation!
 My dearest Lord, do you not know me?

Tim. Thou walk'st upon two legs, and hast a face
 erect towards heav'n; and all such animals I have
 abjur'd; because they are not honest. Those creatures
 that are so, walk on all four: Prithee be gone.

Evan. He's much distracted sure? Have you for-
 gotten then your poor *Evandra*?

Tim. No! I remember there was such a one, whom
 I us'd ill! Why dost thou follow misery? And add
 to it? Prithee be gone.

Evan. These cruel words will break my heart: I come
 not to increase thy misery but mend it. Ah my dear
Timon! why this Slave-like habit? And why this spade?

Tim. 'Tis to dig roots, and earn my dinner with.

Evan. I have converted part of my estate to money
 and to Jewels, and have brought 'em to lay 'em at
 thy feet; and the remainder thou soon shalt have.

Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I shall be flatter'd.

Evan. Comfort thy self and quit this savage life;
 we have enough in spite of all the baseness of the
Athenians; let not those Slaves triumph o'er thy af-
 flictions; we'll live free.

Tim. If thou dissuad'st me from this life, thou
 hat'st me. For all the Principalities on earth, I would

not change this Spade! Prithee be gone, thou tempt'st me but in vain.

Evan. Be not so cruel. Nothing but Death shall ever take me from thee.

Tim. I'll never change my life: What would'st thou do with me?

Evan. I'd live the same: Is there a time or place, a temper or condition I would leave my *Timon* in?

Tim. You must not stay with me?

Evand. Oh too unkind! I offer'd thee all my prosperity, and thou most niggardly deniest me part of thy afflictions.

Tim. Ah soft *Evandra*! is not the bleak air too boisterous a Chamberlain for thee? Or dost thou think these reverend trees, that have out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee, & skip where thou appointest 'em? Will the brook candied with morning ice, be caudle to thee?

Evand. Thou wilt be all to me.

Tim. I am savage as a Satyr, and my temper is much unsound, my brain will be distracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* still, that's all I ask.

Tim. It was a comfort to me when I thought that thou wert prosperous; thou art too good to suffer with me the rough boist'rous weather, to mortifie thy self with roots and water, 'twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.

Evan. To death if you command.

Tim. I have forsworn all humane conversation.

Evan. And so have I but thine.

Tim. 'Twill then be misery indeed to see thee bear it.

Evan. On my knees I beg it. If thou refusest me, I'll kill my self. I swear by all the Gods.

Tim. Rise, my *Evandra*!

I now pronounce to all the world, there is One Woman honest; if they ask me more I will not grant it. Come, my dear *Evandra*, I'll shew thee wealth that I have found with digging.
To

To purchase all my land again, which I
Will hide from all Mankind.

Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.

Tim. Well said *Evandra*! Look, here is enough
To make black white, foul fair, to make wrong right;
Base noble, old young, Cowards valiant,
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Priests
And servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leprosie ador'd; place Thieves
And give 'em title, knee and approbation;
This makes the toothless, warp'd & wither'd Widows
Marry again. This can embalm and sweeten
Such as the Spittle-house and ulcerous creatures
Would cast the gorge at: this can defile
The purest bed, and make divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.

Evan. Let the earth that breeds it, hide it;
There it will sleep, and do no hired mischief.

Tim. Now Earth for a root.

Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd womb teems & feeds all;
And of such vile corrupting mettall, as
Man, her proud, arrogant . . . child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue,
The guilded neut and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the loathsome births the quickning Sun does
shine on.

Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,
From out thy plenteous bosom some poor roots.
Sear up thy fertile womb to all things else;
Dry up thy marrow, thy veins, thy tilth & pasture;
Whereof ungrateful Man with liquorish draughts
And unctuous morsels greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.
But hold a while . . . I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repose your self, my dearest love, thus: . . .
your head

70 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Upon my lap, and when thou hast refresh'd
Thy self, I'll gather fruits and berries for thee.

Enter APEMANTUS.

Tim. More plague! more man! retire into my cave.
(*Ex. Evan.*)

Apem. I was directed hither, men report
That thou affect'st my manners, and dost use 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would rather imitate.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of Fortune. Why this spade? This place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy sordid Flatt'ers yet wear silk, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
And let each great Man's breath blow off thy cap.
Praise his most monstrous deformities,
And call his foulest vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Dost thou love to hear thy self prate?

Apem. No; but thou shou'd'st hear me speak.

Tim. I hate thy speech, and spit at thee.

Apem. Do not assume my likeness to disgrace it.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd use the copy
As the original shou'd be us'd.

Apem. How shou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It should be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-Man, now a Fool,
art thou proud still? Call any of those creatures whose
naked natures live in all the spight of angry Heav'n,
whose bare un-housed trunks to the conflicting ele-
ments expos'd, answer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter
thee, and thou shalt find...

Tim. An Ass of thee...

Apem.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did...

Tim. I hate thee worse...

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatterest misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a wretch...

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villains office, or a Fools.

Apem. If thou dost put on this sour life and habit
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it inforc'dly; wert thou not a Beggar,
Thoud'st be a Courtier again.

Tim. Slave thou ly'st, 'tis next thee the last thing
which I would be on earth.

Apem. How much does willing poverty excel
Uncertain pomp! for this is filling still,
Never compleat; that always at high wish;
But thou hast a contentless wretched being;
Thou shoud'st desire to die being miserable.

Tim. Not by his advice that is more miserable.

Apem. I am contented with my poverty.

Tim. Thou ly'st. Thou would'st not snarl so if thou
But 'tis a burthen that is light to thee, (wert
Because thou hast been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortunes tender arms
With favour never claspt, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou like me from thy first swath proceeded
To all the sweet degrees, that this brief world
Afforded me; thou would'st have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lusts, and never learn't
The icy precepts of morality,
But had'st pursu'd the alluring game before thee.

Apem. Thou ly'st... I would have liv'd just as I do.

Tim. Poor Slave! thou dost not know thy self!
Thou well canst bear what thou hast been bred to; but
For me who had the World as my confectionary,
The tongues, the eyes, the ears, the hearts of all men;

At duty more than I could frame employments for;
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters brush
Faln from their boughs and left me open, bare
To every storm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curse,
Curse then thy Father, who in spight, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor hereditary rogue.

Apem. Poor Afs!

The middle of humanity thou ne'er
Didst know, but the extremity of both ends.
When thou wert in thy gilt and thy perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much curiosity;
Thou in thy rags know'st none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this
One root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy feast.

Tim. Mend my condition, take thy self away.

Apem. What would'st thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. (again.)

Apem. When I have nothing else to do I'll see thee

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy self,
Thou shou'd'st not even then be welcome to me.
I had rather be a beggars dog than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art a miserable fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon,

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse: no misery
That I could wish thee but thou hast already.

Tim. Be gone, thou issue of a mangy dog.
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, or I will cleave
thy skull,

Apem.

Apem. Farewel, beast.

Tim. Be gone, toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou hast found a mass of Treasure; they'll find thee out: The plague of company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my sight.

(*Ex. Apem.*)

Choler will kill me if I see mankind!

Come forth, *Evandra*; thou art kind and good.

Enter EVANDRA.

Canst thou eat roots and drink at that fresh spring?
Our feasting's come to this.

Evand. Whate'er I eat
Or drink with thee is feast enough to me;
Would'st thou compose thy thoughts and be content,
I should be happy. (brook,

Tim. Let's quench our thirst at yonder murmuring
And then repose a while. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter POET, PAINTER and MUSICIAN.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be far off, where he abides.

Mus. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's so full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true, h' has found an infinite store of Gold.
He has sent a pattern of it to the Senate;
You will see him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flourish with the highest of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this suppos'd distress,
We tender all our services to him. . .

Paint. If the report be true we shall succeed.

Mus. If we shou'd not. . .

Re-enter TIMON and EVANDRA.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the description.

Mus. Let's hide our selves, & see how he will take it.
(*A Symphony.*)

Evand. Here's Musick in the woods, whence comes it?

E 5

Tim.

74 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I have Gold; but that their disappointment will be greater, in taking pains for nought, I'd send 'em back...

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*...

Mus. Our noble Master...

Pain. My most excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see three honest men?

Poet. Having so often tasted of your bounty
'And hearing you were retir'd, your Friends faln off,
For whose ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
We come to do you service.

Mus. We are not of so base a mould; should we
Desert our noble Patron!

Tim. Most honest Men! oh, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no.

Poet. Whate'er we can, we will to do you service.

Tim. Good Men! come you are honest, you have heard
That I have Gold enough! speak truth, y'are honest.

Poet. So it is said, but therefore came not we.

Mus. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. We thought not of it.

Tim. You are good Men, but have one monstrous fault.

Poet. I beseech your Honour, what is it?

Tim. Each of you trusts a damn'd notorious knave.

Paint. Who is that, my Lord?

Tim. Why, one another, and each trusts himself.
Ye base Knaves, tripartite! be gone! make haste!
Or I will use you so like knaves. (*He stones 'em.*)

Poet. Fly, fly... (*All run out.*)

Tim. How sick am I of this false world?
I'll now prepare my grave, to lie where the light
foam of the outrageous Sea may wash my corps.

Evan. My dearest *Timon*, do not talk of death;
My life and thine together must determine.

Tim. There is no rest without it; Prithee leave
My wretched fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is wealth enough.

Evand. I have no wealth but thee, let us lie down
To rest; I am very faint & heavy... (*They lie down.*)

Enter

Enter MELISSA and CHLOE.

Mel. Let the chariot stay there. It is most certain he has found a mass of money, and he has sent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.

Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.

Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my love I'll charm him back to *Athens*; 'twas my deserting him that made him thus melancholy.

Chlo. If he be not, you'll promise love in vain.

Mel. If he be not, my promise shall be vain;
For I'll be sure to break it: Thus you saw
When *Alcibiades* was banish'd last,
I would not see him; I am always true
To interest and my self. There Lord *Timon* lies!

Tim. What wretch art thou come to disturb me?

Mel. I am one that loves thee so, I cannot lose thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call thee back to *Athens*, and her arms
Who cannot live without thee.

Evan. It is *Melissa*! Prithee listen not
To her destructive *Syrens* voice.

Tim. Fear not.

Mel. Dost thou not know thy dear *Melissa*,
To whom thou mad'st such vows?

Tim. O yes! I know that piece of vanity,
That frail, that proud, inconstant foolish thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She swore eternal love to me; soon after
She would not see me, shun'd me, slighted me.

Mel. Ah now I see thou never lov'dst me, *Timon*.
That was a tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didst love me; if thou hadst (more
Thou wouldst have born it: I lov'd thee then much
Than all the world... but thou art false I see,
And any little change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miserable.

Evan. Mind not that *Crocodiles* tears,
She would betray thee.

Mel.

Mel. Is there no truth among Mankind?
 Had I so much ingratitude, I had left
 Thy fallen fortune, and neer seen thee more.
 Ah *Timon*! could'st thou have been kind, I could
 Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
 With any other all the pomp of *Greece*;
 But thou art lost, and hast forgotten all thy oaths.

Evan. Why shou'd you strive to invade anothers
 right?
 He's mine, for ever mine: These arms
 Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean fool! has marriage made
 him so?
 No, ... Thou art his Concubine, dishonest thing;
 I would enjoy him honestly.

Tim. Peace, Screech-Owl: There is much more
 honesty

In this one woman than in all thy sex
 Blended together; our hearts are one; and she
 Is mine for ever: wert thou the Queen of all
 The Universe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better cordial
 Than all the world can give.

Tim. False! Proud! Affected! vain fantastick thing,
 begone; I would not see thee unless I were a Basilisk:
 thou boast'st that thou art honest of thy body; as if
 the body made one honest: thou hast a vile corrupted
 filthy mind. . .

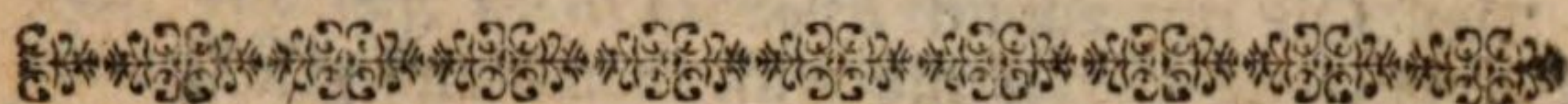
Mel. I am no Whore, as she is.

Tim. Thou ly'st, she's none: But thou art one in
 thy soul: be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a
 thing unmanly, and beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beast... (*Ex. Mel. and Chloe.*)

Evan. Let me now kiss thy hand, my dearest Lord,
 If it were possible more dear than ever.

Tim. Let's now go seek some rest within my cave,
 If any we can have without the grave. (*Exeunt.*)



A C T V.

Enter TIMON and EVANDRA.

TIMON.

NOW, after all the follies of this life;
Timon has made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
 Where every day the swelling surge shall wash him;
 There he shall rest from all the villanies,
 Betraying smiles, or the oppressing frowns
 Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of death, I cannot lose thee yet;
 Throw off this dire consuming melancholy.
 Oh could'st thou love as I do, thou'dst not have
 another wish but me. There is no state on earth which
 I can envy while I have thee within these arms. . . .
 take comfort to thee, think not yet of death. . . .
 leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'st thou in death we shall not think;
 and know, & love, better than we can here? O yes,
Evandra! There our happiness will be without a wish. . .
 I feel my long sickness of health & living now begin
 to mend, and nothing will bring me all things: thou
Evandra, art the thing alone on earth, would make
 me wish to play my part upon the troublesome stage,
 where folly, madness, falsehood, & cruelty, are the
 only actions represented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
 Without one erring thought, the Gods can witness;
 And as my life was true, my death shall be.
 If I one minute after thee survive,
 The scorn and infamy of all my sex
 Light on me, and may I be *Melissas* slave.

Tim.

78 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra*!
Thy kindness covers me with shame and grief;
I have deserv'd so little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wish the world on fire.

*Enter NICIAS, PHÆAX, ISIDORE, ISANDER,
CLEON, THRASILLUS, and ÆLIUS.*

More plagues yet!

Nic. How does the worthy *Timon*?
It grieves our hearts to see thy low condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We & the *Athenians* cannot live without thee;
Cast from thee this sad grief, most noble *Timon*?
The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their love, and do with one consenting voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em, & would send 'em back the plague;
Could I but catch it for 'em.

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee most sincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the same love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, most noble *Timon*: they are sorry
They should deny thee thy request: they do
Confess their fault; and the whole Publick-body,
Which seldom does recant, confesses it.

Cleon. And has sent us. . .

Tim. A very scurvey sample of that body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you best
Of all mankind.

Thrafi. And equal with our selves.

Isid. Our hearts and souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Isand. We would stake our lives for you.

Phæax. We are all griev'd to think you should so
mis-interpret our best loves.

Cleon. Which shall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much surprise me, even to tears;
Lend me a fools heart and a womans eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phaax. The Senate has reserv'd some special dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with absolute command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
With all his force, and like a savage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy just assistance.

Phaax. We all know thou art worthy.
And hast oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good noble Lord. . .

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country-Men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' beards,
Giving up purest Virgins to the stain
Of beastly mad-brain'd War; Then let him know,
In pity of the aged and the young,
I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not:
And let him tak't at worst; for their swords care not
While you have throats to answer. For my self
There's not a knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Most reverend throat in *Athens*, tell 'em so!
Be *Alcibiades* your plague, ungrateful villains.

Phaax. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.

Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.

Nici. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Misanthropos*.

Phaax. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not serve
your Country with some of it?

Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant.
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one body to me,
And follow my advice, they shall be welcome.

Nici. I am sure they will, my noble Lord.

Tim.

80 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR,

Tim. I will instruct 'em how to ease their griefs;
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their covetous pangs, with other incident throes,
That Natures fragil vessel must sustain
In lifes uncertain voyage.

Phaax. How, my good Lord? This kind care is noble.

Tim. Why even thus. . .

I will point out the most convenient trees
In all this wood, to hang themselves upon.
And so farewell, ye covetous, fawning Slaves;
Be gone let me not see the face of man more;
I had rather see a tiger fasting. . .

Nici. He's lost to all our Purposes.

Phaax. Let's send a party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confess his Treasure;
And put him to the torture if he will not.

Nici. It will do well, let's away. (Drum)

Ælius. What drums are those?

Phaax. They must belong to *Alcibiades*!
To horse and fly, least we chance to be taken.

(Exeunt.)

Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my cave, or thou
May'st suffer by the rage of lustful villains.

Enter *ALCIBIADES* with *PHRYNE* and *THAIS*,
two Whores.

Alcib. Command a halt, and send a Messenger
To summon *Athens* from me!

What art thou there? Speak. (thee)

Tim. A two-legg'd beast as thou art, Cankers gnaw
For shewing me the face of Man again.

Alcib. Is Man so hateful to thee! What art thou?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*! I hate mankind:
And for thy part, I wish thou wer't a dog,
That I might love thee something.

But now I think on't, thou art going
Against you cursed Town: go on!

It is a worthy cause.

Alcib.

Alcib. Oh *Timon*! now I know thee; I am sorry for thy misfortunes; and hope a little time will give me occasion to redress 'em.

Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e'er shall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with Mans blood the earth; die it well:
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then must War be?

Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?

Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alcib. What friendship shall I do thee?

Tim. Why, promise me friendship & perform none;
If thou wilt not promise, thou art no man;
And if thou dost perform, thou art none neither.

Alcib. I am griev'd to see thy misery.

Tim. Thou saw'st it when I was rich.

Alcib. Then was a happy time.

Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots:
What, dost thou fight with women by thy side?

Alcib. No, but after all the toils & hazards of the
day with Men, I refresh my self at night with Women.

Tim. These false Whores of thine have more destruc-
tion in 'em, than thy sword.

Phry. Thou art a Villain to say so...

Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenians* minion?
A snarling rascal.

Tim. Be Whores still; they love you not that use you!
Employ all your salt hours to ruine youth! Soften their
manners into a lethargy of sense and action.

Phry. Hang thee, Monster; we are not Whores;
we are Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miscall it;
ye have been so to many.

Thais. Out, on you dog.

Alcib. Pray pardon him

His wits are lost in his calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's some for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. Wilt thou go against *Athens* with me?

Tim. If ye were beasts, I'd go with ye: But I'll not herd with Men. Yet I love thee better than all men, because thou wert born to ruine thy base Country.

Alcib. I've sent to summon *Athens*; if she obeys not I'll lay her on a heap.

Tim. It were a glorious act; go on, go on! Here's Gold for thee; stay I'll go fetch thee more.

Alcib. What mystery is this? where shou'd he have this.

Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on, Be a devouring plague; let not Thy sword skip one, spare thou no sex or age: Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard, He's an usurer: strike the counterfeit Matron, It is her habit only that is honest, Her self's a Bawd: Let not the Virgins cheek Make soft thy sword, nor milk-paps giving suck; Spare not the tender babe whose dimpled smiles, From fools exhaust their mercy; think 'twill be A Rogue or Whore e're long if thou should'st spare it. Put armour on thy eyes and ears, whose proof, Nor yells of mothers, maids, nor crying babes, Nor sight of Priests in holy vestments bleeding, Shall pierce one jot. (some.)

Phry. Hast thou more Gold, good *Timon*? Give us

Thais. What pity 'tis he should be thus melancholy! He is a fine person now.

Tim. Oh flattering Whores! but that I am sure you Do store of mischief, I'd not give you any: (will Here! be sure you be Whores still; And who with pious breath seeks to convert ye, Be strong in Whore, allure and burn him up. Thatch your thin skulls with burthens from the dead, Some that were hang'd, no matter, Wear them, betray with them, whore still; Paint till a horse may mire upon your faces... A pox on wrinkles, I say.

Thais. Well, more Gold, say what thou wilt.

Tim.

Tim. Sow your consumptions in the bones of men;
 Dry up their marrows, pain their shins & shoulders;
 Crack the Lawyers voice, that he
 May never bawl, and plead false title more.
 Entice the lustful and dissembling Priests,
 That scold against the quality of flesh,
 And not believe themselves. I am not well.
 Here's more, ye proud, lascivious, rampant Whores:
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
 And ditches be your death-beds and your graves.

Phry. More counsel, & more money, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first,
 I've given you earnest.

Alcib. We but disturb him! farewell:
 If I thrive well, I will visit thee again.

Tim. If I thrive well, I ne'er shall see thee more:
 I feel Deaths happy stroak upon me now,
 He has laid his icy hands upon me at length;
 He will not let me go again, Farewel.
 Confound *Athens*, and then thy self. (*Ex. Timon.*)

Alcib. Now march, sound trumpets & beat drums,
 And let the terrour of the noise invade
 Th' ungrateful, cowardly, usurious Senate. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter NICIAS, ÆLIUS, CLEON, THRASILLUS,
 ISIDORE, ISANDER, upon the works of Athens.

Nici. What shall we do to appease his rage?
 He has an Army able to devour us.

Phaex. We must e'en humbly bow our necks,
 That he may tread on 'em.

Ælius. He is a Man of easie nature, soon won by
 soothing.

Nici. I tremble lest he should revenge our sentence.

Isid. If we should resist, he'd level *Athens*.

Isand. And then wo to our selves, our wives and
 daughters.

Nici. What will become of you and me *Phaex*?
 We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.

84 TIMON OF ATHENS: OR;

Phaax. Let us appear most forward in delivering up the Town to him.

Nici. If we resist he'll use a Conquerors power,
And nothing then will scape the fury of
The headstrong Soldiers, we must all submit.
See, he approaches. These drums and trumpets
Strike terrour into me! Heav'n, help all.

(Enter Herald.

Enter ALCIBIADES, and his Army.

Alcib. What answer make they to my summons?

Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.

Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoe! you on the works! give me & my Army entrance,
Or I'll let loose the fury of my Soldiers,
And make you all a prey to spoil and rapine;
And such a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make Greece tremble.

Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing less:

Phaax. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.

Nic. We've been ungrateful, & are much ashamed
on't; your Lordship shall tread upon our necks if you
think good; we cannot but condemn our selves; but
we appeal to your known mercy & your generosity.

Phaax. March, noble Lord, into our City with all
thy banners spread; we are thy slaves.

Ælius. Your footstools.

Isid. What ever you will make us:

Thrast. Enter our City, noble Alcibiades:
But leave your rage behind you.

Isan. Set but your foot against our gates, and they
shall open... so you will enter like a friend.

Alcib. Open the Gates without capitulations:
For if I set my battering-rams to work,
You must expect no mercy.

Nici. We will, my good Lord...

(They all come down, Nic. presents Alcibiades
the keys upon his knees.

Our lives and fortunes now are in thy hands; but we
fly to thy mercy for protection.

Alcib.

Alcib. You merit as much mercy as you shew'd to *Thrasibulus*; such monstrous ingratitude will make your villainous names grow odious to all the race of men, but to your selves to whom Vertue is so.

Phaax. 'Twas the whole Senats voice.

Alcib. A Senate, a den of Thieves! I little thought when I wrested the power from the Rabble, to give it you, you would be worse than they; but most of you deserve the Ostracism: some of you are such rogues you'd shame the gibbet.

Nic. Good my Lord, tread on our necks, but pardon us.

Phaax. We'll be your slaves if you'll forgive us.

Alcib. Can you forgive *Thrasibulus* when he's dead? Must we be us'd thus after our frequent hazards, Our toils, hard weary marching! watching! fasting! Such dreadful hardships, lying out such nights, A beast could not abide without a covert, And all for purisy-lazy-knaves, that snort In peace at home, and wallow in their bags? Must we the bulwarks of our Country be Thus us'd?

Phaax. Cease to reproach us, my good Lord.

Ælius. We are full of shame and guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades*.

Thrafi. We heartily repent.

Isid. We'll kiss thy feet, good Lord.

Isand. Do with us what thou wilt.

Alcib. You six of the foremost here must meet me in the *Avuξ*, where I'll order the *περίτρες* to assemble all the people. . . . And on your knees present your selves with halters about your necks!

Phaax. Oh my good Lord!

Alcib. Dispute it not, for by the Gods if you fail in this point, I'll hang ye all, rife your houses, and extirpate all your race. . . . March on. Give order that not a Man shall break his ranks; or shall offend the regular course of justice, on penalty of death. . . . March on. . . .

(*Ex. Omnes.*)

Enter TIMON and EVANDRA coming out of the Cave.

Evand. Oh my dear Lord! why do you stoop and bend like flowers o'ercharg'd with dew, whose yielding stalks cannot support 'em? I have a Cordial which will much revive thy Spirits.

Tim. No, sweet *Evandra*, I have taken the best Cordial, Death, which now kindly begins to work about my vitals; I feel him, he comforts me at heart.

Evand. Oh my dear *Timon*! must we then part? That I should live to see this fatal day! Had death but seiz'd me first, I had been happy.

Tim. My poor *Evandra*! lead me to my grave! Lest Death o'ertake me... he pursues me hard: he's close upon me. 'Tis the last office thou canst do for *Timon*.

Evan. Hard, stubborn heart, wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy to me that courts thee?

Tim. Lay me gently down
In my last tenement. Death's the truest friend;
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary pilgrimage on earth
Is almost finish'd! Now, my best *Evandra*,
I charge thee, by our loves, our mutual loves,
Live, and live happy after me: and if
A thought of *Timon* comes into thy mind,
And brings a tear from thee, let some diversion
Banish it... quickly, strive to forget me.

Evan. Oh *Timon*! Think'st thou I am such a coward
I will not keep my word? Death shall not part us.

Tim. If thou'lt not promise me to live, I cannot
Resign my life in peace. I will be with thee,
After my death; my soul shall follow thee,
And hover still about thee, & guard thee from all harm.

Evan. Life is the greatest harm, when thou art dead.

Tim. Can'st thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
thee in his sad calamities?

Evan. It is a blessing to share any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'st pale! thy countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?

Tim.

Tim. To my last home. I charge thee live, *Evandra*;
Thou lov'st me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only dear, kind, constant thing on earth,
Farewel. (*Dies.*)

Evand. He's gone! he's gone! would all the world
were so. I must make haste, or I shall not o'ertake
him in his flight. *Timon*, I come, stay for me, Farewel,
base world. (*Stabs her self. Dies.*)

Enter *ALCIBIADES*, *PHRYNIA*, and *THAIS*,
his Officers & Souldiers, & his Train, the Senators.
The People by degrees assembling.

Enter *MELISSA*.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The joys of love and conquest ever bless thee.
Wonder and terrour of Mankind, and joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Melissa's* happy:
She has liv'd to see the utmost day she wisht for;
Her *Alcibiades* return with conquest
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.

Alcib. What gay, vain prating thing is this?

Mel. How, my Lord do you question who *Melissa* is?
and give her such foul titles?

Alcib. I know *Melissa*, & therefore give her such titles:
For when the Senate banisht me, she would not see
me, tho' upon her knees before she had sworn eternal
love to me. I see thy snares too plain, to be caught now.

Mel. I ne'er refus'd to see you, Heav'n can witness!
Who ever told you so, betray'd me basely:
Not see you! sure there's not a sight on earth
I'd chuse before you: You make me astonish'd!

Alcib. All this you swore to *Timon*; and next day
despis'd him. . . . I have been inform'd of all your
falsehood, & I hate thee for't. I have Whores, good
honest faithful Whores! Good antidotes against thy
poison. . . Love; thy base false love. And tell me,

is not one kind, faithful, loving Whore, much better than a thousand base, ill-natur'd honest women?

Mel. I never thought I should have liv'd to hear this from my *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do not weep. Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do something for thee: I have a Corporal that has serv'd me well, I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this scorn... Farewel, I'll never see you more. (*Exit.*)

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Soldiers with drawn swords, haling in
APEMANTUS.

How now! what means this violence?

Sold. My Lord, this snarling villainous Philosopher with open mouth rail'd at the Army; he said the General was a villain: shall we cut his throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!

Why, *Apemantus*, didst thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always speak my thoughts: not all the swords o' th' Army bent against my throat can fright me from the truth...

Alcib. Why dost thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, that this base Town deserves thy scourge,

And all the terrour and the punishment,
Thou can'st inflict upon it: the deed is good,
But yet thou dost it ill; private revenge,
Base passion, headstrong lust, incite thee to it.
Had they not banish'd thee, thou would'st have suffer'd
Wrong still to prosper, and th' insulting Tyrants
To thrive, swell and grow fat with their oppression,
And would'st have join'd in with them.

Alcib. Thou rail'st too much for a Philosopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee, all thy good parts thou drown'st in vice and riot; in passion and vain-glory. How proud art thou of all thy conquests... when a poor rabble of
of idle rogues who else had been in jayls, perform'd

'em for thee. How false is Soldiers honour! with drums and trumpets, and in the face of day with daring impudence Men go to murder Mankind... But in the greatest actions of their lives, the getting Men, they sneak and hide themselves i' th' dark. I scorn your folly and your madness.

Alcib. Thou art a snarling Cur.

Sold. Shall I run him through?

Alcib. Hold.

Apem. I fear thee not.

Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee; and for his sake I spare thee.

Apem. How much did *Socrates* lose his pains in thee! Hadst thou observ'd his precepts thou'dst been honest.

Enter NICIAS, THRASILLUS, PHAAX, ISIDORE, ISANDER, ÆLIUS, and CLEON,
with Halts about their Necks.

Nici. We come, my Noble Lord, at thy command, And thus we humbly kneel before thy mercy.

Phaax. Spare our lives, and we'll employ 'em in thy service, worthy *Alcibiades*.

Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful knaves?

All. We do.

Alcib. And that you have used me basely?

All. We have, but we are very sorry.

Alcib. I should do well to hang you for the death of my brave Officer; but thousand such base lives as yours would not weigh with his. Go, ye have your liberty. And now the People are assembled, I will declare my intention towards them.

(He ascends the Pulpit.)

My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upbraid you for the unjust Sentence past upon me. In the return of which I have subdu'd your enemies, and all revolted places; made you victorious both at Land and Sea; & with continual toil, & numberless dangers, stretcht out the bounds of your dominions, far above your hopes or expectations. I will not recount the many

enter-

enterprises, no *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough you know how I have serv'd you. Now it remains I farther shoud declare my self. I come first to free you, good Citizens of *Athens*, from the most insupportable yokes of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next to claim my own Estate, which has unjustly by them been kept from me that rais'd them. I do confess, I, in revenge of your decree against me, set up them, but never thought they would have been such cursed Tyrants to you; till now they have gone on & fill'd the time with most licentious acts; making their wills, their base corrupted wills, the scope of justice; while you in vain groan'd under all your suff'rings. Thus when a few will lord it o'er the rest, they govern for themselves and not the People: They rob and pill from them, from thence t'increase their private stores; but when the Government is in the body of the People, they will do themselves no harm; Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government shall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n prosper 'em.

(*People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades! Long live Alcib., Liberty, Liberty, &c. (Alcib. descends.*

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. My noble Lord, I went as you commanded, And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra* Stab'd, and just by him lying in his Tomb, On which was this Inscription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft;

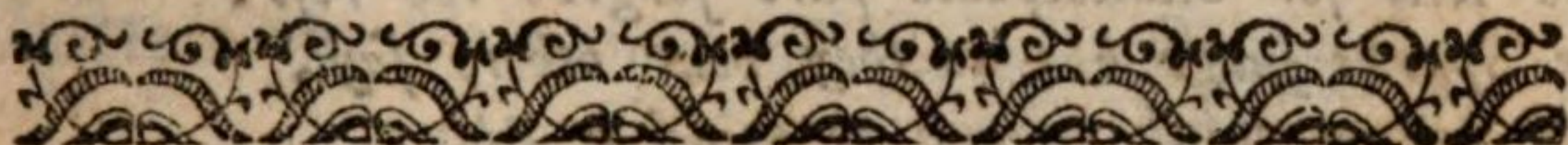
Timon my name, a plague consume you caitiffs left.

Poor *Timon*! I once knew thee the most flourishing man of all th' *Athenians*, & thou still had'st been so, had not these smiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee, and murder'd thee with base ingratitude. His death pull'd on the poor *Evandras* too, that miracle of constancy in love. Now all repair to their respective homes,

homes, their several trades, their business and diversions; and whilst I guard you from your active foes, and fight your battles, be you secure at home.

*May Athens flourish with a lasting peace;
And may its wealth and Power ever increase.*

*All the People shout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty, Liberty, &c.*



EPILOGUE.

*[I]f there were hopes that ancient solid wit
Might please within our new fantastick Pit;
This Play might then support the Criticks shock,
This scien grafted upon Shakespears stock;
For join'd with his our Poets part might thrive,
Kept by the vertue of his sap alive.
Though now no more substantial English Plays,
Than good old Hospitality you praise;
The time shall come when true old sense shall rise
In judgment over all your vanities.
Slight kickshaw-wit o' th' Stage, French meats at Feasts
Now daily tantalize the hungry Guests;
While the old English Chine us'd to remain,
And many hungry onsets would sustain.
At these thin Feasts each morsel's swallow'd down,
And ev'ry thing but the Guests stomach's gone.
At these new fashion'd Feasts you've but a tast,
With meat or wit you scarce can break a fast.
This jantee slightness to the French we owe,
And that makes all slight Wits admire 'em so.*

They're

They're of one level, and with little pains
 The frothy Poet good reception gains;
 But to hear English Wit there's use of brains.
 Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
 In want of learning, affectation, wit,
 And which is most, in cloaths, we'll ne'er submit.
 Their Ships or Plays o'er ours shall ne'er advance,
 For our Third Rates shall match the First of France.
 With English Judges this may bear the test,
 Who will for Shakespears part forgive the rest.
 The Sparks judge but as they hear others say,
 They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
 They to catch Ladies (which they dress at) come,
 Or 'cause they cannot read or think at home;
 Each here doux yeux and am'rous looks imparts,
 Levels Crevats and Perriwigs at hearts;
 Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
 And but for vanity wou'd have 'em kind.
 No passion . . .
 But for their own dear persons them can move,
 Th' admire themselves too much to be in love.
 Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard hearts can strike,
 Who only their own sense or persons like.
 But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
 To save him from wits mortal Enemies.
 Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
 Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
 And with each Mistress we must favour find,
 They, for Evandras sake, will sure be kind;
 At least all those to constant love inclin'd.

F I N I S.

ALL FOR LOVE:
OR, THE
WORLD WELL LOST:
A
TRAGEDY.

Written in Imitation of *Shakespeare's* Stile;

By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam)
notare; idque restinctis animorum incendiis
irridere.* Cicero.



Printed for T. JOHNSON,

M. D C C. X X.

ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE

WORLD WELL LOST.

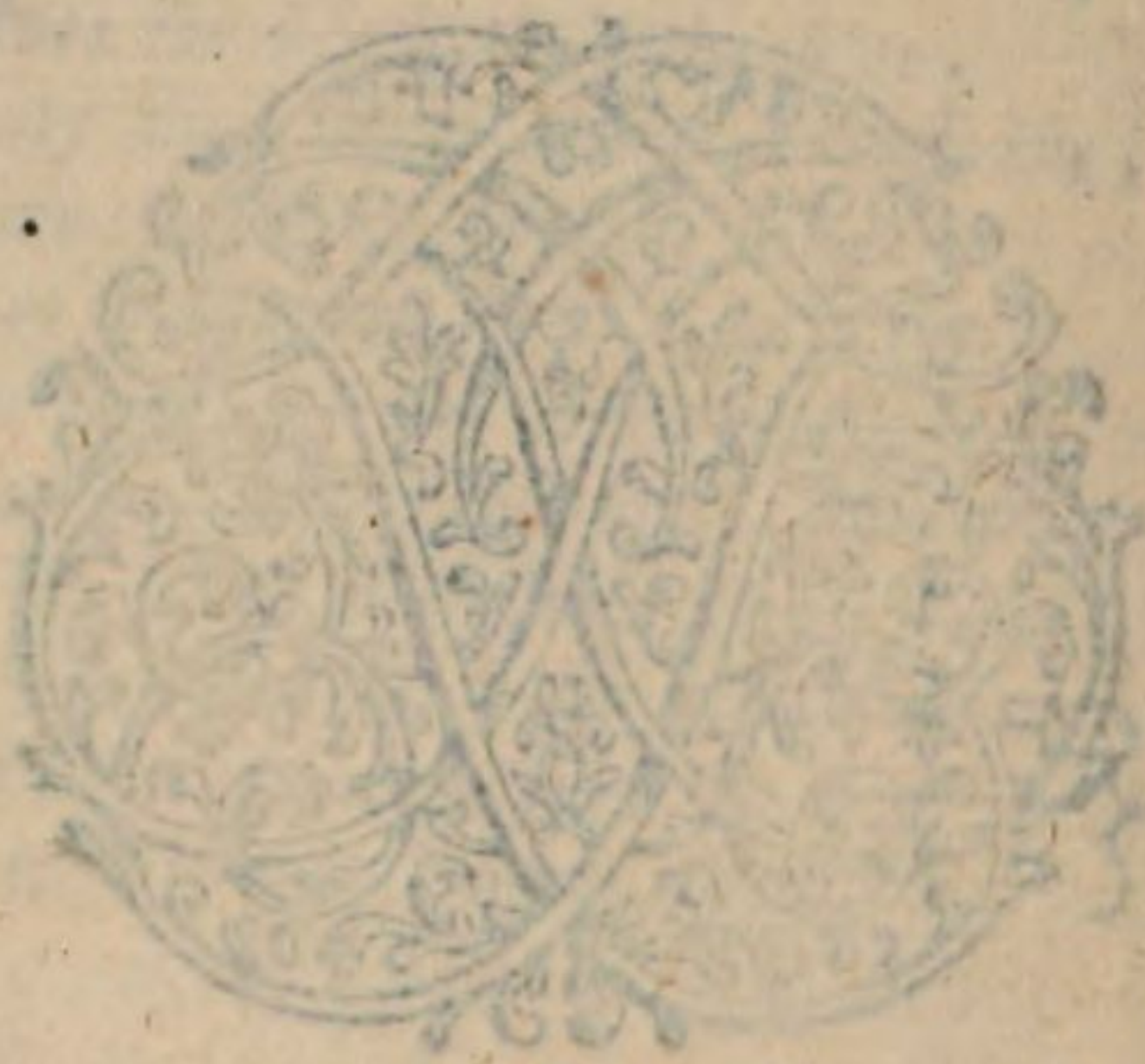
A

TRAGEDY.

Written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Style,

By M. DRYDEN.

Tragedy written in Imitation of Shakespeare's Style
(in the choice)
written; in the style of Shakespeare's
Cicero.



Printed for T. JOHNSON,

M. D. C. C. X. X.

P R E F A C E.

THe Death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a subject which has been treated by the greatest Wits of our Nation, after *Shakespear*; and by all so variously, that their example has giv'n me the confidence to try my self in this bow of *Ulysses*, amongst the crowd of Suitors; and withal, to take my own measures, in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean, the excellency of the moral: for the chief persons represented, were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded, that the Hero of the Poem ought not to be a Character of perfect virtue; for then he could not, without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied. I have therefore steer'd the middle course, and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave. The like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the Story: for the crimes of love which they both committed, were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, our ought to be, within our power. The fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd,

A 2

serv'd, than perhaps the *English* Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Episode, or Underplot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of *Octavia*: for, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*; yet I had not enough consider'd, that the compassion she mov'd to her self and children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And though I justify'd *Anthony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure to proceed wholly from her self, yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a River into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have been partial to my self. The faults my Enemies have found, are rather cavils, concerning little, and not essential decencies, which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilio's. They would not, for example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartée, for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters, and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw,
and

and at the same time contemn'd: For I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia*, proud of her new gain'd conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her, and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a *Queen*, they were both *Women*. 'Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad obscenities in words, ought in good manners to be avoided. Expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept my self within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation, which is no more but modesty deprav'd into a vice. They betray themselves, who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther: * *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire. Nous n'osons appeller à droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de débauche. La Ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la Raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is, that by this opinion, my Enemies are but sucking Criticks,

A 3

who

who wou'd fain be nibbling e'er their teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of manners does the excellency of *French* Poetry consist. Their Heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense. All their wit is in their ceremony: they want the genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critick, that they never leave him any work; so busie with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: For no part of a Poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus their *Hippolitus* is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death, than accuse his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks I am sure will commend him for it: but we of grosser apprehensions, are apt to think, that this excess of generosity is not practicable, but with Fools and Madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Hero. But take *Hippolytus* out of his poetick fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and chuse rather

P R E F A C E.

rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest Man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preserv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the Picture of a young rough Man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising, a mortal Enemy to Love, he has cholen to give him the turn of Gallantry, sent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into *Monsieur Hippolyte*. I should not have troubled myself thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me, that the *French* should prescribe here, 'till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But 'till some Genius, as universal as *Aristotle*, shall arise, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the judgment of an Artificer in his own Art, should be preferable to the opinion of another Man; at least where he is not brib'd by interest, or prejudic'd by malice. And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: For, first, the crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them. Every man will grant me this: but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the

multitude, of which other Men may think him
 oue. But, if I come cloſer to thoſe who are
 allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage
 of their quality, or by common Fame, and affirm
 that neither are they qualify'd to decide ſovereign-
 ly, concerning Poetry, I ſhall yet have a ſtrong
 party of my opinion: for moſt of them ſeveral-
 ly will exclude the reſt, either from the number
 of witty Men, or at leaſt of able Judges. But
 here again they are all indulgent to themſelves:
 And every one who believes himſelf a Wit, that
 is every Man, will pretend at the ſame time to a
 right of judging. But to preſs it yet farther,
 there are many witty Men, but few Poets; nei-
 ther have all Poets a taſte of Tragedy. And this
 is the rock on which they are daily ſplitting.
 Poetry, which is a picture of Nature, muſt ge-
 nerally pleaſe: But 'tis not to be underſtood that
 all parts of it muſt pleaſe every Man; therefore
 Tragedy is not to be judg'd by a witty Man,
 whoſe taſte is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is
 every Man who loves Tragedy a ſufficient Judge
 of it: he muſt underſtand the excellencies of it
 too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not
 a Critick. From hence it comes that ſo many
 Satyrs on Poets, and cenſures of their writings,
 fly abroad. Men of pleaſant converſation, at
 leaſt eſteem'd ſo, and indu'd with a trifling kind
 of fancy, perhaps help'd out with ſome ſmatte-
 ring of Latine, are ambitious to diſtinguiſh them-
 ſelves from the herd of Gentlemen, by their
 Poetry;

*Rarus enim ferme ſenſus communis in illâ
 Fortuna*

And

P R E F A C E.

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third bottle. If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the vocation of poverty, scribble out of meer wantonness, & take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he said, That *no Man is satisfy'd with his own condition*. A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented, because the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with Writers. If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them, for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment. Some Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same longings; but with all their power they could never bring their

business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of death to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the wind; so every Man in his own defence, set as good a face upon the business as he could. 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be crown'd Laureats; but when the Show was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the Prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions. They were sure to be rewarded if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their reputation. *Lucan's* example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without dispute, for the best Poet in his Dominions. No Man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another course, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: But finding himself far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well

well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand. And we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are for no such expensive ways to fame: They have much of the Poetry of *Mecenas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the persons of their successors, (for such is every Man, who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his Artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copy'd by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the *Holy-way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimick, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

————— *Demetri, teque Tigelli,*
Discipulorum inter jubco plorare cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a land-mark to set out the bounds of Poetry,

————— *Saxum antiquum, ingens,*
Limes agro positus litem ut discerneret arvis:

But

But other arms than theirs , and other sinews are requir'd , to raise the weight of such an Author ; and when they would toss him against their Enemies ;

*Genua labant , gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis ;
Tum lapis ipse viri vacuum per inane volutus ,
Nec spatium evasit totum , nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this rhyming Judge of the twelve-penny Gallery, this legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his mark: for should he own himself publicly, and come from behind the Lion's skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he praises would chuse to be condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his friends; and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, *Horace* would have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readiness of thought, and a flowing fancy; for Friendship will allow a Man to christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbour Virtue:

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
Errori nomen Virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow Man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow drudge; as *Juvenal* explains it:

———— *Canibus pigris scabieque vetustâ
Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod premit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the imperfections of his Mistress:

*Nigra μελίχροστος est, immunda & fœtida ἄκροσμος;
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the other side; and without farther considering him, than I have the rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as *Mr. Rymer* has judiciously observ'd, are, and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a rule in his *Art of Poetry*,

———— *Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for English Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was
the

the Master-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakespear*; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain my self, that I have not copy'd my Author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding Ages: But 'tis almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as *Ben Johnson* tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant, to handle the difference of stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet, I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.



PROLOGUE,

To *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

WHat flocks of Criticks hover here to-day :
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the carcass of a Play!
With croaking notes they bode some dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you've watch'd your time;
He fights this day unarm'd; without his Rhyme;
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all.
He's somewhat lewd, but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a pattern and companion fit
For all the keeping Tonys of the Pit.
I cou'd name more; A Wife, and Mistress too;
Both, to be plain, too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.

Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his care;
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day,
Like Hector, in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all.
Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who wou'd search for Pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Guests;

Drink

*Drink hearty draughts of ale, from plain brown bowls,
 And snatch the homely Rasher from the coals :
 So you, retiring from much better cheer,
 For once, may venture to do penance here.
 And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
 Whose grapes, and peaches have indulg'd your taste,
 Take in good part from our poor Poet's board,
 Such rivell'd fruits as Winter can afford.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARC ANTHONY.

VENTIDIUS, his General.

DOLABELLA, his Friend.

ALEXAS, the Queen's Eunuch.

SERAPION, Priest of *Isis*.

MYRIS, Another Priest.

Servants to *Anthony*.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of *Ægypt*.

OCTAVIA, *Anthony's* Wife.

CHARMION,

IRAS,

} *Cleopatra's* Maids.

Anthony's two little Daughters.

SCENE ALEXANDRIA



ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *the Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion & Myris, Priests of Isis.

Serapion.

Portents and Prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd e're the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste,
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts
Were born above the tops of trees, that grew
On th' utmost margin of the water-mark.
Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd.
Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the shore:
Forsaken *Dolphins* there; with their broad tails,

B

Lay

Lay lashing the departing waves. Hard by e'm ;
 Sea-Horses floundring in the slimy mud,
 Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ouze about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav'n ! [and One,
Serap. Last night, between the hours of Twelve
 In a lone Isle o'th' Temple, while I walk'd,
 A whirl-wind rose, that with a violent blast,
 Shook all the *Dome* : The doors around me clapt,
 The iron wicket that defends the vault,
 Where the long Race of *Ptolomies* is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed Ghost starts up : The Boy-King last
 Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My blood ran back,
 My shaking knees against each other knock'd ;
 On the cold pavement, down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene. [the story,
Alexas shew- And dream'd you this? or, did invent
ing himself. To frighten our, *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
 Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
 I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
 Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
 And holy luxury.

Serap. I know my duty :
 This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
 Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
 All southern, from yon hills, the *Roman* Camp
 Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a storm

Just

Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Anthony* ;
But in their servile hearts they own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Anthony* dream out his hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* hath lost ?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.

*Mæcenæ*s and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his house, solicites her revenge :
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin :
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Anthony*, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra* ;
But here, in *Isis*' Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair. [sence

Alex. 'Tis true : and we much fear he hopes by ab-
To cure his mind of love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province ; and our plenteous Harvest
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.
While *Anthony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome*, Dominion's other seat,
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all Nature,
Who lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish
Each by the others Sword ; but, since our will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one ; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected ?

Alex. O, she dotes,

She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
 And winds her self about his mighty ruins.
 Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
 This hunted prey, to his pursuers hands,
 She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
 This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
 And makes me use all means to keep him here,
 Whom I could wish divided from her arms
 Far as the Earth's deep center. Well you know
 The state of things; no more of your ill Omens,
 And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
 The People's hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Anthony's.

Serap. These Romans will o'er-hear us.
 But, who's that Stranger? By his warlike port,
 His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
 He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
 Our Emp'rors great Lieutenant in the East,
 Who first show'd Rome, that *Parthia* could be conquer'd
 When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* last,
 He left this Man to guard the Roman Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cilicia* first,
 When *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:
 A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*.
 But, let me witness to the worth I hate;
 A braver Roman never drew a sword.
 Firm to his Prince; but as a Friend, not Slave.
 He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
 O'er all his cooler hours and morning Counsels.
 In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
 Of an old true stamp Roman lives in him.
 His coming bodes I know not what of ill

To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you, why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

*They withdraw to a corner of the Stage, and Ventidius,
with the other, comes forwards to the front.*

Vent. Not see him, say you?
I say, I must and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing, but thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The Boy *Octavius*: Then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my care.

Vent. Just, just his nature:
Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills.
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[Alexas and the Priest come forward.

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the Queen's command

Thus *Cleopatra* bids: Let labour cease,
 To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,
 That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Anthony's*.
 Live *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
 Be this the general voice sent up to Heav'n,
 And every publick place repeat this eccho.

Vent. aside.] Fine pageantry!

Serap. Set out before your doors
 The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
 With laurels crown'd; with laurels wreath your posts
 And strow with flow'rs the pavement; Let the Priests
 Do present sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
 And call the Gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy,
 Can they be friends of *Anthony*, who revel
 When *Anthony's* in danger? Hide, for shame,
 You *Romans*, your Great Grandfires Images,
 For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
 To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to *Anthony*,
 Would mark the day with honours; when all Heav'n
 Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
 Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour,
 And shed his better influence. Her own birth-day
 Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
 That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
 Divided far from his; 'till some remote
 And future age had call'd it out, to ruin
 Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
 Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
 T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
 He knows him not his Executioner.
 O, she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
 Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,

And

And made perdition pleasing : She has left him
The blank of what he was.

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unman'd him,

Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,

Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,

Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's toy,

Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,

And cramp't within a corner of the World ?

O, *Anthony* !

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends !

Bounteous as Nature ; next to Nature's God ! [give 'em,

Couldst thou but make new Worlds, so wouldst thou

As Bounty were thy being. Rough in battel,

As the first *Romans*, when they went to War ;

Yet, after Victory, more pitiful

Than all their praying Virgins left at home ! [Virtues,

Alex Would you could add to those more shining

His truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.

But, wherefore waste I precious hours with thee ?

Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engine,

Anthony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,

Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.

Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone ;

Nor mix effeminate sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

You dare not fight for *Anthony*, go pray,

And keep your Cowards-Holy-day in Temples.

[*Exeunt Alex. Serap.*

Re enter the Gentlemen of M. Anthony.

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[*Going out with the other.*

Vent. Well, I dare.

But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Anthony, walking with a disturb'd motion, before he speaks.

Anth. They tell me 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward

To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Vent. On my Soul,

[*Aside.*]

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Anth. Count thy gains.

Now, *Anthony*, would'st thou be born for this?

Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring youth

Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. How sorrow shakes him!

[*Aside.*]

So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

[*Anth. having thrown himself down*]

Lie there, thou shadow of an Emperor;

The place thou predest on thy Mother-earth

Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee.

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When thou'rt contracted in the narrow Urn,

Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then *Octavia*,

(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)

Octavia then will have thee all her own.

And bear thee in her widow'd hand to *Cæsar*.

Cæsar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,

To see his Rival of the Universe

Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

Anth. Give me some Musick; look that it be sad:
I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,

And

And burst my self with sighing— [Soft Musick.
 'Tis some what to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
 Live in a shady Forest's sylvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like *Mistletoe*,
 Hang o'er my hoary face; 'a murm'ring brook
 Runs at my foot

Vent. Me thinks I also fancy
 My self there too.

Anth. The herd come jumping by me,
 And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
 And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.
 More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

[Soft Musick again.]

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.

[Stands before him,

Anth. starting up] Art thou *Ventidius*?

Vent. Are you *Anthony*?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
 I left you last.

Anth. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Anth. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
 And therefore will not leave you.

Anth. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heav'n;
 If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin;
 Y'are all that's good and God-like.

Anth. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not ; but I dare not leave you.
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon , when I so far have come to see you.

Anth. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd ?
For, if a Friend thou hast beheld enough ;
And if a Foe , too much. [mon dew :

Vent. weeping. Look , Emperor ! this is no com-
I have not wept this forty years ; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my eyes ;
I cannot help her softness. [he weeps !

Anth. By Heav'n , he weeps , poor good old Man ,
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em , *Ventidius* ,
Or I shall blush to death : they set my shame ,
That caus'd 'em , full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Anth. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends
See , I have caught it too. Believe me , 'tis not
For my own griefs , but thine—Nay , Father.

Vent. Emperor.]

Anth. Emperor ! Why , that's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring Soldier , red with unfelt wounds ,
Salutes his General so ; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Anth. *Actium* , *Actium* ! Oh —

Vent. It fits too near you.

Anth. Here , here it lyes ; a lump of lead by day ,
And , in my short distracted nightly slumbers ,
The Hag that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent.

Anth. Urge not my shame.
I lost a Battel.

Vent. So has *Julius* done. [thou think'st ;

Anth. Thou favour'st me , and speak'st not half
For *Julius* fought it out , and lost it fairly :
But *Anthony*—

Vent.

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Anth. Anthony —

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou com'st prepar'd to rail,

Vent. I did.

Anth. I'll help thee — I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but —

Anth. I know they meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of Soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On tides of people, crouding to my Triumphs;
The wish of Nations; and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me, 'till I took pains
And work'd against my Fortune; chid her from me
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone.
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier;
To curse this Madman, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: prithee curse me.

Vent. No.

Anth. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what y've done, too conscious of your failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, stinging your self in mad revenge.
I would bring balm and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Anth.

Anth. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Anth. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Anth. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Anth. I am.

Vent. I say, you are not. Try your fortune. [rate,

Anth. I have to th'utmost. Dost thou think me despe-
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here: which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. *Cæsar* thinks not so.

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.

You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? Do,
Hold out your throat to *Cæsar*, and die tamely.

Anth. No, I can kill my self; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now no live,
To fight, to conquer.

Anthony. Sure thou dream'st *Ventidius*. [hours

Vent. No, 'tis you dream, you sleep away your
In desperate sloth, miscall'd *Philosophy*.

Up, up, for Honour's sake, twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful journys,
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* marches, to the *Nile*.

'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt faces,
Their scar'd cheeks & chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Anth. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower *Syria*.

Anth. Bring 'em hither;

There

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come. [mis'd aids

Anth. Why didst thou mock my hopes with pro-
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Anth. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh trifier!

Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.

Anth. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Anth. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Anth. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Anth. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight Feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her ear shall be a Province.

Anth. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deserves
More Worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Powers,
To whom you have intrusted human kind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the Gods are *Anthony's*, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether World away
To none but wastful hands.

Anth.

Anth. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Anth. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:
The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burthen of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to Honour!

Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Anth. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you your self,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have fought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
What hindred me t'havel'd my conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius*' Bands! I could have been
A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor.
And not have been so call'd.

Anth. Forgive me, Soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you; kill me, Sir;
Pray, kill me: yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Anth. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd:
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it.
But you, e're Love mis-led your wandring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of Human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of Nature,

So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, a lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindred,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for ostentation's sake,
To copy out again—

Anth. But *Cleopatra*—
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more. [may'st:

Anth. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me. [word

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Anth. Indeed I do, Speak this, and this, and this,
[Hugging him,

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em.

And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;

Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this—

Anth. Prithee do not curse her,

And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows I love

Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but Honour.

But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master.

And shall we fight?

Anth. I warrant thee, old Soldier,

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,

And at the head of our old Troops, that beat

The *Parthians*, cry aloud; Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! In that word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,

And If I have ten Years behind, take all;

I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Anth. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Vent. Again?

Anth. I've done: In that last sigh she went

Cesar shall know what'tis to force a Lover

From

From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breath
Another Soul: Your looks are more divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Anth. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And mans each part about me: Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To *Cassius'* Camp: In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield:
I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye Gods! ye Gods!
For such another hour.

Anth. Come on, my Soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our Foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
My taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage;
And entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [*Exeunt.*



A C T I I.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleopatra.
WHat shall I do, or whither shall I turn?

Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleop. Then he would see me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost;

And

And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty Queen?

Cleop. I am no Queen.

Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Romans*, and to wait
Each hour the Victor's chain? These ills are small;
For *Anthony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bonds;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*
Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleop. I have none,
And none would have: My love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's view,
And now am lost above it — No, I'm proud
'Tis thus; 'would *Anthony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? Tho' he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not: I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you;
Forget him, Madam.

Cleop. Never, never, *Iras*:
He was once mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleop. I cannot: if I could, those thoughts were vain:
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, tho' he be,
I still must love him.

C

Enter

Enter Charmion.

Now, what news my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam—

Cleop. A long speech preparing!
If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleop. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it. Now she studies,
To soften what he said: but give me death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him then
Incompass'd round, I think, with iron Statues,
So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's hopes or fears survey'd:
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the croud,
He blush'd, and bade, make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fixt his eyes upon my passage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And fullenly gave place. I told my message
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd:
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears;
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only beg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,

But

But shun'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down ;
He seem'd not now that awful *Anthony*
Who shook an arm'd Assembly with his Nod,
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleop. Did he then weep ? and , was I worth a tear ?
If what thou hast to say be not not as pleasing,
Tell me no more , but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say , he knew himself so well ,
He could deny you nothing , if he saw you ;
And therefore

Cleop. Thou wouldst say , he would not see me ?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to use a power ,
Which he could ill resist ; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleop. Is that a word
For *Anthony* to use to *Cleopatra* ?
O that faint word , Respect ! How I disdain it !
Disdain my self, for loving after it !
He should have kept that word for cold *Octavia*.
Respect is for a Wife. Am I that thing ,
That dull insipid lump , without desires ,
And without pow'r to give 'em ?

Alex. You misjudge ;
You see through love , and that deludes your sight :
As, what is straight , seems crooked through the water ;
But I , who bear my reason undisturb'd ,
Can see this *Anthony* , this dreaded Man ,
A fearful Slave , who fain would run away ,
And shuns his Master's eyes : If you pursue him ,
My life on't , he still drags a chain along ,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleop. Could I believe thee !

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True , he's hard prest , by interest and by honour ;
Yet he but doubts , and parlies , and casts out

Many a long look for succour.

Cleop. He sends word,
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more!
He shows his weakness who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds
Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets: this way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easie.

Cleop. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. I fear so too;
Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:
But, 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it.
[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: Then
enter Anthony with *Ventidius*, follow'd by other
Commanders.

Anth. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Anth. But just enough to season him from Coward.
O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! If he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did)
To storm a Town, 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the World have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard, you challeng'd him.

Anth. I did, *Ventidius*.

What

What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame, —
He said he had more ways than one to die;
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Anth. He has more ways than one;
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever?

Anth. No, It must be an Ague, not a Fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age, and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.

O *Hercules*! Why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand Men, of whom, each one
Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquer'd for him;
Philippi knows it: there you shar'd with him
That Empire, which your sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles wings
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good Heav'ns! is this, is this the Man who braves me?

Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Vent. Sir, we lose time, the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to march.
I long to leave this prison of a Town,
To join thy Legions; and in open field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above mankind,

But in soft pity to th' oppress'd, a God;
This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Vent. Smooth Sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars,
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms,
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Vent. Aside] False Crocodile! [leave her.

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes, [love;
Too perfuming for her low fortune, & your ebbing
That were a wish for her more prosperous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. aside] Well, I must man it out; What would
the Queen?

Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witne's *Actium*

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*. [forward

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him
With ardor too heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable;
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him.
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you'll wear these trifles, as a pawn,
Which at your wisht return, she will redeem

[Gives Jewels to the Commanders.

With all the wealth of *Ægypt*.

This

This to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Vent. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And he that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one:

Your Slave, the Queen — —

Ant. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistress,
Your Mistress would, she says, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This Ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a Bracelet.*

Vent. Now, my best Lord, in Honour's name I ask you
For Manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender; touch 'em not:
Miriads of bluest plagues lye underneath 'em,
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cinical, *Ventidius*.
A Lady's Favours may be worn with honour.
What, to refuse her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lye pensive in my Tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my Arm;
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time;

And now and then the fury of her love.

When – And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my Lord,

But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever. (tye it.

Ant going \ We Soldiers are so awkward – help me

to tye it. } *Alex.* In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers
too are awkward

In these affairs : so are all Men indeed ;

Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak ?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tye it ; she, who sent it, can.

Vent. Hell ! Death ! this Eunuch Pander ruins you.
You will not see her ?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out,*

Ant But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an *Æthiope*. Y'are undone ;
Y'are in the toils ; y'are taken ; y'are destroy'd :
Her eyes do *Cæsar's* work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self ; I know my strength :
And yet she shall not think me barbarous, neither,
Born in the depths of *Africk* : I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know

How weak you are to her, how much an Infant :

You are not proof against a smile or glance ;

A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes !

Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you :

I form'd the danger greater than it was,

And, now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting ?

Then

Then we must part ?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must ?

Ant. Our own hard Fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates our selves. [other

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each
Unto our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n ; and all the world
(As 'twere the bus'nels of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my love : Ev'n you your self
Join with the rest ; you , you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do ,
To late posterity , and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lye
With any truth , reproach my freely with it ;
Else , favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me ,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well : he shews authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone—

Cleo. O Heav'ns ! I ruin you !

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
E're I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well , I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first , it was in *Ægypt*.
E're *Cæsar* saw your eyes , you gave me love ,
And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your Father in his Throne was for your sake ;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in , and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit , e're the first blush of red ,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord ,
And was , beside , too great for me to rival ;
But , I deserv'd you first , though he enjoy'd you.
When , after , I beheld you in *Cilicia* ,

An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my self—

Ant. Again you break your promise.

I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses;
Took you into my bosom, stain'd by *Cesar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. [*Aside.*

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye Days and Nights, and all you Hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by, and nothing saw but love;
Another came, and still 'twas only love.
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on;
And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first:
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a war
In *Italy*, to call me back.

Vent. But yet

You went not.

Anth. While within your arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp; I thank your love for't.

Vent. Well push'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak;

Ant. If I have urg'd a false-hood yes; else not.
Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my unkindness dy'd)
To set the world at peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cesar's* Sister: in her pride of youth,

And

And flow'r of beauty, did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my love obey'd the fatal summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the cause was yours;
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;
You hindred it: yet, when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Honour!
Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple sails,
And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. Al this you caus'd;
And would you multiply more ruins on me?
'This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. aside.] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.

Vent. Now lay a sigh i'th' way, to stop his passage:
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my Judge
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For love once past, is, at the best, forgotten;
But oftner sours to hate: 'Twill please my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you
That you would pry with narrow searching eyes,
Into my faults; severe to my destruction;
And watching all advantages with care,

That

That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Anth. O you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,
And justifie this breach.

Cleop. Thus low I thank you.
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleoo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my Lord;
He first possess'd my person; you my love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of men;
And half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you! I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleop. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
To say it was design'd: 'Tis true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasy Wife:
Such *Fulvia* was—

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;—
And, can you blame me to receive that love,

Which

Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love, to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words; but *Actium*, Sir, remember *Actium*

Cleop. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I counsell'd
To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not.

I fled, but not the Enemy. 'Twas fear.

Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd;
For none would then have envy'd me your friendship,
Who envy me your love.

Anth. We're both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.

Speak, would you have me perish, by my stay?

Cleop. If as a Friend you ask my judgment, go;

If as a Lover, stay. If you must perish;

'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love?

She strives to drag you down to ruin with her:

But, could she 'scape without you, oh how soon

Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,

And never look behind!

Cleop. Then judge my love by this.

[*Giving Anthony a Writing.*

Could I have born

A life or death, a happiness or woe

From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Anth. By *Hercules*, the writing of *Octavius*!

I know it well, 'tis that proscribing hand,

Young as it was, that led the way to mine.

And left me but the second place in murder. —

See, see, *Ventidius*! Here he offers *Ægypt*,

And joins all *Syria* to it as a present,

So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,

And join her Arms with his.

Cleop. And yet you leave me!

You leave me, *Anthony*; and yet I love you;

Indeed

Indeed I do ; I have refus'd a Kingdom ,
That's a trifle :
For I could part with life , with any thing ,
But only you. O let me die , but with you ;
Is that a hard request ?

Anth. Next living with you ,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. aside.] He melts ; we conquer.

Cleop. No, you shall go: Your int'rest calls you hence;
Yes, your dear interest pulls too strong, for these
Weak arms to hold you here — [Takes his hand:
Go, leave me Soldier ;
(For you're no more a Lover :) Leave me dying :
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom ;
And when your March begins, let one run after ,
Breathless almost for joy , and cry , She's dead :
The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may sigh ,
And muster all your *Roman* gravity ;
Ventidius chides ; and strait your brow clears up
As I had never been.

Anth. Gods! 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!

Cleop. What is't for me then ,
A weak forsaken Woman , and a Lover ? —
Here let me breath my last : Envy me not
This minute in your arms ; I'll die apace ,
As fast as e'er I can ; and end your trouble.

Anth. Die ! Rather let me perish : loos'n'd Nature
Leap from its hinges : Sink the props of Heav'n ,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world.
My eyes ! my soul ! my all ! — [Embraces her.

Vent. And what's this toy
In balance with your Fortune , Honour , Fame ?

Anth. What is't , *Ventidius* ? It out-weighs 'em all:
Why , we have more than conquer'd *Caesar* now :
My Queen's not only innocent , but loves me.
This , this is she who drags me down to ruin !
But , could she 'scape without me , with what haste

Would

*Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!*

Down on thy knees, Blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it: Will you go?

Anth. Go! Whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleop. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! All the Gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [Exit.

Anth. Our men are arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæsar's* Camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me:
And long security makes conquest easie.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleasures I have known, beat thick
On my remembrance: How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And once triumph o'er *Cæsar* e're we die. [Exeunt.





A C T I I I.

At one door enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Alexas, and a Train of Ægyptians: At the other, Anthony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on Anthony's part: Then answer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Ægyptians. After the ceremony, Cleopatra crowns Anthony.

Anthony.
I Thought how those white arms would fold me in,
 And strain me close, and melt me into love;
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my arms,
 You've been too long away from my embraces:
 But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
 I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you;
 And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Anth. My brighter *Venus*!

Cleop. O my greater *Mars*!

Anth. Thou joinst us well, my Love!
 Suppose me come from the *Phlegræan* plains,
 Where gasping Gyants lay, cleft by my sword;
 And mountain-tops par'd off each other blow,

To

To bury those I flew : receive me , Goddess :
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle nets , like *Vulcan* ,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once :
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those who took us blush , I would love on
With awful state , regardless of their frowns ,
As their superior God
There's no satiety of love in thee ;
Enjoy'd thou still art new ; perpetual spring
Is in thy arms ; the ripen'd fruit but falls ,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place ;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius , and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's past, your General comes.
He joins not in your joys , nor minds your triumphs ,
But , with contracted brows , looks frowning on ,
As envying your success.

Anth. Now on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;
He never flatter'd me in any vice ,
But awes me with his Virtue ; ev'n this minute
Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the Temple : I'll avoid his presence ;
It checks too strong upon me. [*Exeunt the rest.*

As Anthony is going , Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.

Vent. Emperor. [*me.*

Ant. look } 'Tis the old argument ; I pr'y thee spare
ing back. } *Vent.* But this one hearing , Emperor.

Anth. Let go

My Robe ; or , by my Father *Hercules* —

Vent. By *Hercules* his Father , that's yet greater ,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Anth. Thou see'st we are observ'd ; attend me here ,

D

And

And I'll return. [Exit.]

Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin;
And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lye so mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Anthony.

Anth. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid.
We have dislodg'd their troops;
They look on us at distance, and like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thousand *Romans*, with their faces upward,
Lye breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: And he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain:
An easier peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the chance
Of Arms —

Anth. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace:
His malice is confederate in advantage.
O, he's the coolest Murderer! so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
In all his Army, who has power to move him?
Mecenas, or *Agrippa*, might do much.

Anth. They're both too deep in *Cæsar*'s interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Anth. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories at this,
Will save thy farther pains.

Vent.

Vent. Expect no more ; *Cæsar* is on his guard :
I know , Sir , you have conquer'd against odds :
But still you draw supplies from one poor Town ,
And of *Ægyptians* : He has all the World ,
And at his beck Nations come pouring in ,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Anth. Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search
For foreign aids ? To hunt my memory ;
And range all o'er a waste and barren place
To find a Friend ? The wretched have no Friends —
Yet I had one , the bravest Youth of *Rome* ,
Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the love of Women ;
He could resolve his mind , as fire does wax ,
From that hard rugged image , melt him down ,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see ; that Man of all the World :
Just such a one we want.

Anth. He lov'd me too.
I was his Soul ; he liv'd not but in me ;
We were so clos'd within each others breasts ,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet : We were so mixt ,
As meeting streams , both to our selves were lost ;
We were one mass ; we could not give or take ,
But from the same ; for he was I , I he.

Vent. aside] He moves as I would wish him.

Anth. After this ,
I need not tell his name : 'Twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Cæsar*'s Camp.

Anth. No matter where ,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbad him *Cleopatra*'s fight ;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her : He confess'd
He had a warmth , which , for my sake , he stifled ;
For 'twere impossible that two , so one ,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed ,
He took no leave ; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her ;
Else he had itaid ; but he perceiv'd you jealous ,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.

Anth. I shou'd have seen him then e're now.

Vent. Perhaps.
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Anth. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you ?
I read your answer in your eyes ; you would.
Not to conceal it longer , he has sent
A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp , with Letters.

Anth. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with*

Dolabella. Ant. runs to embrace him]

Anth. 'Tis he himself , himself , by holy Friendship !
Art thou return'd at last , my better half ?
Come , give me all my self. Let me not live ,
If the young Bridegroom , longing for the night ,
Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent ; for my Soul is busie
About a noble work : she's new come home ,
Like a long absent Man , and wanders o'er
Each room , a stranger to her own , to look
If all be safe.

Anth. Thou hast what's left of me ;
For I am now so sunk from what I was ,
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
The rivers that ran in , and rais'd my Fortunes ,
Are all dry'd up , or take another course :
What I have left is from my native spring ;
I've still a heart that swells , in scorn of Fate ,
And lifts me to my banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Anth. Why , then I yet am so ; for thou art all.
If I had any joy when thou wert absent ,
I grudg'd it to my self ; methought I robb'd

Thee

Thee of thy part. But Oh, my *Dolabella*!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worship my up-rising? Menial Kings
Run coursing up and down my Palace yard;
Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And, at my least command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Anth. Fortune is *Cæsar's* now; and what am I?

Vent What you have made your self; I will not flatter.

Anth. Is this now friendly done?

Dola. Yes, when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your Friend?

Anth. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'st my love: the Queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessory to thy Brother's death?

Dola. Spare my remembrance, 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Anth. To clear her self,
For sending him no aid, she came from *Ægypt*.
Her Gally down the silver *Cydno's* row'd,
The tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd
Where she, another sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Anth. O you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,

Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the Winds
 That plaid about her face: But if she smil'd,
 A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
 That Mens desiring eyes were never weary'd;
 But hung upon the Object. To soft flutes
 The silver oars kept time; and while they plaid,
 The hearing gave new pleasures to the sight;
 And both to thought. 'Twas Heav'n or somewhat more
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing Crowds
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
 To give their welcome voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
 Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
 Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes?
 And whisper in my ear; Oh, tell her not
 That I accus'd her with my Brother's death?

Dola. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
 Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
 When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
 Made it a debt to Nature. Yours—

Vent. Speak boldly.
 Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
 When no more heat was left but what you forc'd;
 When all the sap was needful for the trunk,
 When it went down, then you constrain'd the course,
 And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire.
 In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
 But 'tis plain dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
 But yet the loss was private that I made;
 'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
 I had no World to lose, no Peoples love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Lola. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;
 A Friend so tender, that each word I speak,
 Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.

O, judge me not less kind because I chide:

To *Cesar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cesar*?

Dola. As to your equal:

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble?

Methinks thou should'st not bring'em else: yet he

Is full of deep dissembling; knows no Honour.

Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;

For Nature meant him for an Usurer;

He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,

What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper

To honourable Terms?

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Not I; nor yet *Mecenas*, nor *Agrippa*:

They were your Enemies, and I a Friend

To weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: Show me that Man

Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour:

Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine;

And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing.

[Exit *Vent.*]

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,

Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.

My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The Queen, my *Dolabella*!

Hast thou not still some grūdgings of thy fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,

Leave me, my better Stars; for she has truth

Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
 At no less price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
 But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me
 For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes, there's my reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius with Octavia, leading Anthony's two
 little Daughters.*

Ant. Where! — *Octavia* there! [Starting back

Vent. What, is she poison to you? A disease?
 Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:
 Are they all strangers to your eyes? Has Nature
 No secret call, no whispers they are yours?

Dola. For shame, my Lord, if not for love, receive 'em
 With kinder eyes. If you confess a Man,
 Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
 Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge
 To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings
 To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out,
 And aim a kiss e're you could reach the lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
 To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. I hus long I have attended for my welcome;
 Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.
 Who am I?

Ant. *Cæsar's* Sister.

Octav. That's unkind!
 Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
 Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp;
 But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife, [house.
 Though banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your
 In spite of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
 And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
 But

But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that pride.
I come to claim you as my own ; to show
My duty first , to ask , nay beg your kindness :
Your hand , my Lord , 'tis mine , and I will have it.

[Taking his hand.]

Vent. Do , take it , thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my Soul,
And so she does : She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean,
Shows , as it ought , a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear , *Octavia* , you have begg'd my life.

Octav. Begg'd it , my Lord ?

Ant. Yes , begg'd it , my Ambassadress ,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg ;
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I , who to my kneeling Slave , could say ;
Rise up , and be a King ; shall I fall down
And cry , Forgive me *Cæsar* ? Shall I set
A Man , my equal , in the place of *Jove* ,
As he could give me being ? No ; that word ,
Forgive , would choak me up ,
And die upon my tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come , you've all betray'd me.
My Friend too ! To receive some vile conditions ,
My Wife has bought me , with her prayers and tears ;
And now I must become her branded Slave.
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave : If I but look awry ,
She cries , I'll tell my Brother.

Octav. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take : I love your Honour ,
Because 'tis mine ; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.

Sir, you are free ; free, ev'n from her you loath ;
 For, though my Brother bargains for your love,
 Makes me the price and cement of your Peace,
 I have a Soul like yours ; I cannot take
 Your love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd ;
 He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march
 To rule the East : I may be dropt at *Athens* ;
 No matter where, I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren name of Wife,
 And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour!
 Both scorn'd to be oblig'd.

Dola. Oh, she has toucht him in the tender'st part ;
 See how he reddens with despight and shame
 To be out-done in generosity !

Vent. See how he winks ! how he dries up a tear
 That fain would fall !

Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and must praise
 The greatness of your Soul ;
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd :
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love ;
 And you do all for duty. You would free me,
 And would be dropt at *Athens* ; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
 To one who loves me not, who to her self,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful Man :
 I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er pour *Octavia's* Virtue
 That pride was all I had to bear me up ;
 That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
 And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
 I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
 Could brook but ill the Man who slights my bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not ?

Octav.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you—If I could

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. Oh, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His Children: Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his arms;
And you *Antonia*, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the Children go to him, &c.

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dola. Friend.

Octav.

Octav. Husband !

Both Childr. Father !

Ant. I am vanquish'd: Take me,

Octavia ; take me, Children ; share me all.

[*Embracing them.*]

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot, from your stock :
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest'd hour !

Dola. O happy change !

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue ;
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

[*thou wilt ;*]

Ant. to Octavia. This is thy Triumph ; lead me where
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours —

Ant. 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this night :
To-morrow,

Cesar and we are one.

[*Ex. leading Octavia, Dola. and the Children follow.*]

Vent. There's news for you ; run,
My officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first ; haste forward :
Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

[*Exit.*]

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-
scull'd Hero,

This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my wit.
Pleasure forsook my early'st Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a Man :
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by kind :

Yet,

Yet, greatness kept me from contempt: That's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys;
Gods, is this just, that I who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes?
Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's note.
I know it too: and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen:
Ægypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of *Ægypt*?
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal name to *Cleopatra's* love!
My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
While I—But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair,
Bright as a Goddess? And is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that course matter which, when she was finish'd,
The Gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes; a miracle!

Alex. bowing.] A miracle,
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, Madam,
You make all wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of recompence. But, oh,
I fear thou flatter'st me. [*Giving a Ring.*

Char. She comes! She's here!

Iras. Flie, Madam, *Cæsar's* Sister!

Cleo. Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer *Jove*,

And

And bore her Brother's Lightning in her eyes;
Thus would I face my Rival.

[Meets Octav. with Ventid.
[Octav. bears up to her. Their trains come up on
either side.

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*;
Your haughty carriage—

Cleo. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask who you are.

Octav. A Roman:
A Name that makes, and can un-make a Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman, 'till he lost that name
To be a Slave in *Ægypt*; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that house-hold clog,
He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easie; you have long practis'd
In that lascivious art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares? Let *Cæsar* witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæsar*; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: The worst your malice can,
Is but to say, the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
In my esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

Octav. coming up close to her.] I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,
To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind so sure; that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleop. O you do well to search; for had you known
But half these Charms you had not lost his heart.

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a Roman Lady.
Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not blush, to own those black endearments

That

That make sin pleasing?

Cleop. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to please the bravest Man;
Should I not thank 'em? Should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleop. I Love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans, and poor me
A wretched Widow? Only *Cleopatra*.

Cleop. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded name of Mistress!
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy wish. [Exit.

Cleop. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a Rival's scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,
To ruin her; who else must ruin you.

Cleop

4 *ALL for LOVE: Or,*

Cleop. Vain promiser!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay your hand too, *Iras*;
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,
And draw the curtains round;
Then leave me to my self, to take alone
My fill of grief:
There I 'till death will his unkindness weep;
As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt*



A C T I V.

Enter Anthony, and Dolabella.

Dolabella.
Why would you shift it from your self, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Anth. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this word *depart*!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I should melt 'till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by nature.

Anth. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a mold,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure
Of some sad lovers death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.—I should speak

So faintly ; with such fear to grieve her heart ,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Anth. Therefore ; therefore
Thou only , thou art fit : Think thy self me ,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from every sharper sound ,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this ?

Dola. What you have said , so sinks into my Soul ,
That , if I must speak , I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task : Farewel.
I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the door , and comes back.]

I forgot ;
Let her be told , I'll make her peace with mine :
Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd ,
If I have pow'r with *Cæsar*. — O , be sure
To think on that.

Dola. Fear not , I will remember.

[Anthony goes again to the door , and comes back.]

Anth. And tell her too, how much I was constrain'd ;
I did not this , but with extreamest force.
Desire her not to hate my memory ,
For I still cherish hers ; — insist on that.

Dola. Trust me , I'll not forget it.

Anth. Then that's all. *[Goes out , and returns again.]*

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more ?
Tell her , though we shall never meet again ,
If I should hear she took another Love ,
The news would break my heart. — Now I must go ;
For every time I have return'd , I feel ,
My Soul more tender ; and my next command
Would be to bid her stay , and ruin both. *(Exit.)*

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs ,
And full as craving too , and full as vain :
And yet the Soul , shut up in her dark room ,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But, like a Mole in earth, busie and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view: Thus I discover'd,
 And blam'd the love of ruin'd *Anthony*;
 Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself? concern'd too?
 Perhaps my guess is right: he lov'd her once,
 And may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!
 Ill canst thou answer this, and Reason, worse:
 Unfaithful in th' attempt; hopeless to win;
 And if I win, undone: Mere madness all.
 And yet th' occasion's fair. What injury
 To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
 To ruin her yet more with *Anthony*.

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion, Iras
 on the other side.*

Dola. She comes! What charms hath sorrow on that
 face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
 Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
 Breaks loose, like Lightning in a winter's night,
 And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her Eunuch there,
 That *Porcypisce* bodes ill weather.
 Draw, draw nearer,
 Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

*(Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras;
 seems to talk with them.)*

Alex. Believe me; try
 To make him jealous; Jealousie is like
 A glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:

If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

Cleop. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love;
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine:
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no power to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too.
And then this *Dolabella*; who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Women's eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: The least kind word, or glance
You give this Youth, will kindle him with love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down again before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous *Anthony*.

Cleop. Can I do this? Ah no; my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly harmless house-hold dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnish'd
Of falsehood to be happy.

Alex. Force your self:
Th' event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleop. I must attempt it;
But oh with what regret!

[Exit Alex. [She comes up to Dolabella.

Vent. So now the Scene draws near, they're in my
reach, [not I

Cleop. to *Dol*] Discourfing with my Women! Might
Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, Madam.

Cleop. How ; and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleop. Mere Poetry.

Your *Roman* Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*,
Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia*.

Dola. Those *Roman* Wits have never been in *Ægypt*,
Citheris and *Delia* else had been unsung.

I, who have seen—had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nob' er Name.

Cleop. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's vice : All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not speak these words.

Dola. No, Madam ; yet he sent me —

Cleop. Well, he sent you —

Dola. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleop. How less pleasing ?

Less to your self, or me ?

Dola. Madam, to both ;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleop. You *Charmion*, & your fellow, stand at distance.

(*Aside*) Hold up, my spirits — Well, now your
mournful matter

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess is too.

Dola. I wish you would ; for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news : And I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleop. Of all your Sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should:

Vent. Most delicate advances ! Woman ! Woman !
Dear damn'd inconstant Sex !

Cleop. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken ; is't not so ?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleop. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.

Next I'm to lose my Kingdom—Farewel *Ægypt*.

Yet,

Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear

Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleop. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune;
And love may be expell'd by other love,

As poisons are by poisons.

Dola. — You o'erjoy me, Madam,

To find your griefs so moderately born.

You've heard the worst: all are not false, like him.

Cleop. No, Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleop. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.

Dola. I came prepar'd,

To tell you heavy news; News, which I thought,

Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear;

But you have met it with a cheerfulness

That makes my task more easie: and my tongue,

Which on another's message was employ'd,

Would gladly speak its own.

Cleop. Hold, *Dolabella*.

First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?

Or sought you this employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-Friend,

He charg'd me with his words.

Cleop. The Message then

I know was tender, and each accent smooth,

To mollifie that rugged word *Depart*.

Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the hardest words,

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,

He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,

And fury shook his fabrick like an earthquake:

He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,

In sounds scarce human, „ Hence, away for ever:

„ Let her be gone, the blot of my Renown.

„ And bane of all my hopes :
 „ Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
 „ From Man's commerce: She'll poison to the center.

[*All the time of this Speech Cleop. seems more and more concern'd, 'til she sinks quite down.*

Cleop. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dola. Help, help, Oh Wretch! Oh cursed cursed Wretch
 What have I done?

Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
 She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
 Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,
 Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
 And injur'd love? For pity, let me go;
 For if there be a place of long repose,
 I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
 Can never break that quiet, nor awake
 The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
 Such words as fright her hence. Unkind, unkind.

Dola kneeling.] Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak
 That sure deserves belief; I injur'd him:
 My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen
 How often he came back, and every time
 With something more obliging and more kind,
 To add to what he said; what dear farewells;
 How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
 And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
 I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
 (But what can you not do, who made me false!)
 I forg'd that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels
 This self accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish
 Rise, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
 I have contributed; and too much love
 Has made me guilty too.

Th'

Th' advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousie;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart. [reach,

Dola. I find your breast fenc'd round from human
Transparent as a rock of solid chrystal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away?
And scatter'd like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain sums of wealth which none can gather thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour hunger;
He eats his fill, before his painful march:
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover — Oh, sweet,
sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in earnest?

Dolabella, taking Cleopatra by the hand.
I will, for this reward, — Draw it not back,
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd em, and go on.

They Enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,

None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cesar*.

Dola. Well.

He must be found. [Exeunt *Dola.* and *Clea*.]

Octav. Most glorious impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought
As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here—Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n: for Eloquence,
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth.
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Anthony*
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With *Cesar* he's endeavouring her peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd:—but for a farther purpose
(Walks off.)

I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a Strumpet's peace! it swells my heart;
It must not, sha' not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.

Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love;
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius!

(Drawing him aside.

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. aloud.] It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly,—My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Vent. aloud] Then he obey'd your order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness and all love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did Caesar's; as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. aloud.] Thou dost belie her;
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. coming up.] You seem disturb'd my Lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

Ant. angrily] No more. Look how thou disobey'st me

E S

Thy

Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent to *Oct.*] 'Tis less, a very nothing: you too saw it
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes. she saw young *Dolabella*—

Ant. Young *Dolabella*!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsom too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous kisses:
She blush'd, and sigh'd, & smil'd, & blush'd again:
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his:
At which, he whisper'd kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, that *Constancy*
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw,
So playful with my Friend? Not *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Ev'n she, my Lord.

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;
Dolabella's Cleopatra;
Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Vent. I do not lie, my Lord.
Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia*.

What

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?
She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive.
Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, though 'tis past, I would not that the World
Should tax my former choice: That I lov'd one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you then a witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay go not back

[*Seeing Alexas just entring, and starting back:*
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate, speak truth
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her bed-Counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon;
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

Alex. My noble Lord.

Vent. My most illustrious Pander,
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain home-spun truth, is what I ask.
I did, my self, o'er-hear your Queen make love
To *Dolabella*; Speak, for I will know,
By your confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment;
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*; whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: justify
Thy injur'd Queen from malice: dare his worst.

Octav.

Octav. aside.] See how he gives him courage! how he
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth, [fears
Willing to be mis-led!

Alex. As far as Love may plead for Womans frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the Lover;
So far, divine *Octavia*, may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most noble Emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
Her Beauty's charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Inde* and *Meroe* drew the distant vows
Of fighting Kings; and at her feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps;
To chuse where she would reign.
She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
And of all *Romans* only *Anthony*.
And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth. [desert.

Alex. And yet, though Love and your unmatch'd
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whose holy bed she unlawfully usurp'd.
The sad effects of this prosperous war,
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Vent. Aside] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his ears:
With what the last necessity has urg'd,
On my forsaken Mistress. Yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd—

Ant!

Ant ! No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word. [me patience.

Octav. aside.] Must I bear this? good Heav'n afford

Vent. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long; he, next my God-like Lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd—

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to hell; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, 'till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[Exit *Alexas*, thrust out by *Anthony*.

Octa. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extream concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant. *Octavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd.
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, Madam: best withdraw a while;
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I she,
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much;
Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you.

You

You did but half return to me: your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of love to me !

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius* ?
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury loose ?

Vent. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go ; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last,
When urg'd with long unkindness, and disdain:
Take her again whom you prefer to me ;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man !
Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign'd love first got: for injur'd me,
Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love,
My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widow'd nights:
So take my last farewell ; for I despair
To have you whole ; and scorn to take you half [*Exit.*

Vent. I combat heav'n, which blasts my best designs:
My last attempt must be to win her back ;
But oh I fear in vain. [*Exit.*

Anth. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the World ?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at *Cleopatra's* falsehood :
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid ;
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorn'd,
And all my faults expos'd ! — See where he comes.

[*Enter*

[*Enter Dolabella.*

Who has prophan'd the sacred name of Friend,
And worn it into vileneis!
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd treason out with natures pomp,
To make its work more easie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Anth. Well *Dolabella*, you perform'd my message?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Anth. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wisht it.

Dola. Why?

Anth. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my message, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Anth. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much she truly loves me. And should I
Forfake this beauty? This all perfect Creature?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Anth. And yet you first

Perfwaded me: How come you alter'd since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell: and, see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Anth. False *Dolabella*.

Dola.

Dola. What's false, my Lord?

Anth. Why, *Dolabella's* false:

And *Cleopatra's* false; both false and faithless.

Draw near, you well join'd wickedness, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly bosom, warm'd,

'Till I am stung to death.

Dola. My Lord have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleop. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer torment? Can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight pains invented
When *Jove* was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal torture. Two, two such!
Oh there's no farther name, two such—to me!
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you.
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Mistress
Was what the world could give. Oh, *Cleopatra*!
Oh, *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
Secure of injur'd faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me,
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st her not.

Dola. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her

Dola.

Dola. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing: thou art perjur'd.—
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But no so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost! *Ventidius* heard it:
Octavia saw it.

Cleop. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: he, he confest it.
He who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
(*To Dol*) Why do I seek a proof beyond your self?
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Return'd to plead her stay.

Dola. What shall I answer?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd:
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let not her suffer; she is innocent.

Cleop. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I cou'd not counterfeit:
In spight of all the dams, my love broke o'er,
And drown'd my heart again: Fate took th' occasion;
And thus one minute's feigning has destroy'd
My whole life's truth.

Anth. Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dola. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleop. Forgive your Friend.

Anth. You have convinc'd your selves,
You plead each others cause: What Witnesses have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?

Cleop. Our selves, and Heav'n. [Friendship,

Anth. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence Love and
You have no longer place in human breasts,
These two have driv'n you out. Avoid my sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man: sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
As if there were degrees in infinite;
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight for ever.

Cleop. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys are center'd here.
What place have I to go to? My own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you: or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman?
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you?
Ay, there's the banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With strictest justice; For I beg no favour:
And if I have offended you, then kill me.
But do not banish me.

Ant.

Ant. I must not hear you:
I have a Fool within me takes your part,
But Honour stops my ears.

Cleop. For pity hear me.
Would you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your spurn? — He has no pity!
See, if he gives one tear to my departure;
One look, one kind farewell: Oh iron heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas*!

Dola. A perjur'd Villain!

Ant. to *Cleop.*] Your *Alexas*; yours.

Cleop. O'twas his plot: His ruinous design
T'ingage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleop. And if he clear me not —

Ant. Your Creature! One who hangs upon your smiles
Watches your eye to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleop. Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th' appearance is against me; and I go
Unjustify'd, for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know my self:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most: so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? That calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive —
Live; but live wretched: 'tis but just you shou'd,
Who made me so: Live from each others sight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,

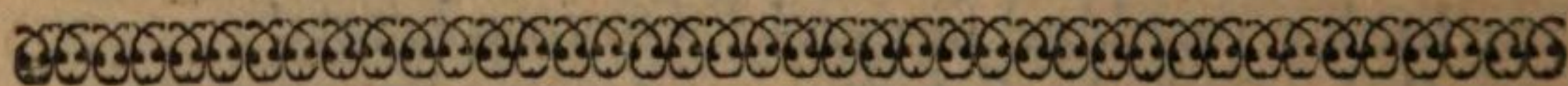
And all the Seas betwixt your funder'd loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies.

Now, all take several ways;

And each your own sad fate with mine deplore;

That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[Exeunt severally]



A C T V.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Charmion.

BE juster, Heav'n: such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Cleop. I could tear out these eyes, that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. O the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.

[She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.]

You may hold me—

But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choak this love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas* help!

The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the agonies of love and rage,
And strives to force its passage.

Cleop. Let me go.

Art thou there, Traitor!—O,

O, for a little breath, to vent my rage!

Give.

Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.

Was it for me to prop

The ruins of a falling Majesty?

To place my self beneath the mighty flaw,

Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into atoms,

By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming

For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r

Which courts its own destruction.

Cleop. I wou'd reason

More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,

And force my plain, direct, and open love

Into these crooked paths of Jealousie?

Now, what's th' event? *Octavia* is remov'd;

But *Cleopatra*'s banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,

Hast push'd my boat to open Sea; to prove,

At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.

It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:

Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil. —

I can no more: thou, and my griefs, have sunk

Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd Scaman near the shore

Drooping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,

If, from above, some charitable hand

Pull him to safety, hazarding himself

To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back

And curse him for his pains; The case is yours:

But one step more, and you have gain'd the heighth.

Cleop. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia*'s gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.

Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is yours.

His heart was never lost; but started off

To Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:

Where it lyes hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.

Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)

May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I

(Unhappy only to my self) have left
So easie to his hand.

Cleop. Look well thou do't ; else—

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens—*Anthony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos* ; from whose turret,
He stands surveying our *Ægyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cesar's* Fleet : Now Death, or Conquest.
If the first happen, Fate acquits my promise :
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

A distant shout within.

Char. Have comfort, Madam : Did you mark that
shout ?

Second shout nearer.

Iras. Hark ; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near : Good news kind Heavens.

Cleop. *Osiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen ?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares !
As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,
When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror !

Ægypt has been ; our latest hour is come :
The Queen of Nations, from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss ;
Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleop. Be more plain :

Say, whence thou com'st ; though Fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speak'st.

Serap. I come from *Pharos* ;
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our

Our Land's last hope, your Navy....

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,

With *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back.
'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the bankrupt Prodigal,
With a dissembling smile would kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last. The well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met;
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; th' *Ægyptian* Gallies
Receiv'd like Friends, past through, and fell behind
The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:

I've heard my doom. This needed, not, you Gods:
When I lost *Anthony*, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Serap. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have faln
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cesar's* Galley.
With held, he raves on you; Cries, he's betray'd!
Should he now find you—

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
'Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not; haste you to your Monument;
While I make speed to *Cesar*.

Cleo. *Cesar*! No,
I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him,
To spare your life, and let this Madman perish. [too?

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! Wouldst thou betray him
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a Traitor:

'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.

Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:

But haste, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Anthony*.

He who began this mischief,

'Tis just he tempt the danger: Let him clear you;

And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,

To gain a poor precarious life from *Cæsar*;

Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,

And speak to *Anthony*.

Alex. O Heav'ns! I dare not,

I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.

Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;

I know him noble: When he banish'd me,

And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:

But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,

Now for thy life, which basely thou would'st save,

While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Serap. Char. Iras.*

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this being,

Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,

The more, 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.

Poor Reason! What a wretched aid art thou?

For still in spite of thee,

These two long lovers, Soul and Body, dread

Their final separation. Let me think:

What can I say to save my self from death?

No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. within. Which way? where?

Vent. within. This leads to th' Monument.

Alex.

Alex. Ah me ! I hear him ; yet I'm unprepared :
My gift of lying's gone ;
And this Court Devil , which I so oft have rais'd ,
Forfakes me at my need. I dare not stay ;
Yet cannot far go hence. [Exit.]

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæsar* ! Thou hast Men to lead :
Think not , 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Anthony* ,
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous train !
Their foil and heav'n infect'em all with baseness:
And their young Souls come tainted to the world
With the first breath they draw.

Ant. Th'Original Villain sure no God created ;
He was a Bastard of the Sun , by *Nile* ,
Ap'd into Man ; with all his Mother's mud
Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is
One universal Traitor ; and their Queen
The very spirit and extract of'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from Valour ?
Is there one God unsworn to my destruction ?
The least unmortgag'd hope ? For , if there be ,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The World's one half is yet in *Anthony* :
And , from each limb of it that's hew'd away ,
The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault
Lopt off the rest : If Death be your design ,
(As I must wish it now) these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes ,
An honest Pile for burial.

Ant.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our Stars; but side by side
Fight emulous: And with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: So every Death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I wou'd not be *Cesar*, to out-live you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' *Etherial* crowd:
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Anthony*. [Troops,

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their
And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth th' attempting,
T'o'er-leap this gulph of Fate,
And leave our wand'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* stamp upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
See how he sets his count'nance for deceit;
And promises a lie, before he speaks.
Let me dispatch him first. [Drawing,

Alex. O spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing On thy life.
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!
Die, Traitor, I revoke my promise, die.

[Going

[*Going to kill him.*]

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is. My eyes
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:
Her fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a bribe?

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you? but shut her self
Within her Monument: Look'd down, and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting,
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast, —

Ant. My heart forebodes —

Vent. All for the best: go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And, e'er we cou'd prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast: Then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord, said she, my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.

More

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound should be divided.
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true—But innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I?
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts can not form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious
And thus you thank em for't.

Ant. to Alex.] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.

Alex. aside.] He loves her still:
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the reconcilment.
I've sav'd my self, and her. But oh! The *Romans*!
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

[*Exit.*

Vent. Would she had dy'd a little sooner though,
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be receiv'd.
Come rouse your self, and let's die warm together.

Ant I will not fight: There's no more work for War;
The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Vent. *Cesar* is at your Gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free my self from bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting O *Ventidius*!
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my marchandise to buy her love:
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Cæsar* take the World,—
An empty circle, since the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my strife: My being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius*:
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar*'s reach,
And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the World
Should have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
'Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.
My torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black desert, at th' approach of night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you. Chuse your death;
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,
'The life I bear is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two Lions taken in the toils,
We might at last thrust out our paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.

Vent.

Vent. I must not, Sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of Men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves,
And need no living witnesses.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee: I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. I thank your kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
You would have us'd me thus? That I should die
With a hard thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* death,
My Reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I've better thought; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n, I will not;
Let it not be t' out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou: For 'tis but just thou serve
Thy Friend, before thy self.

Vent. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now farewell, Emperor.

[*Embrace.*]

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since Death sweeps all distinctions, farewell Friend.
That's all —
I will not make a business of a trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.

Ant.

Ant. I do : Strike home , and sure.

Vent. Home as my Sword will reach.

[*Kills himself.*]

Ant. O thou mistak'st ;

That wound was none of thine : give it me back ;

Thou robb'st me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed ;

But , think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you ;

If that may plead my pardon. And you Gods ,

Forgive me , if you will ; for I die perjur'd ,

Rather than kill my Friend.

[*Dies.*]

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader , ev'n in death !

My Queen and thou have got the start of me ,

And I'm the lag of Honour.—Gone so soon ?

Is Death no more ? He us'd him carlessly ,

With a familiar kindness : e're he knock'd ,

Ran to the door , and took him in his arms ,

As who shou'd say , Y' are welcome at all hours ,

A Friend need give no warning. Books had spoild him ;

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by profession.

'Tis not worth

My farther thought : For Death , for ought I know ,

Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[*Falls on his Sword.*]

I've miss'd my heart. O unperforming hand !

Thou never cou'dst have err'd in a worse time.

My Fortune jades me to the last ; and Death ,

Like a great Man , takes state , and makes me wait

For my admittance—

[*Trampling within.*]

Some perhaps from *Cæsar* :

If he shou'd find me living , and suspect

That I plaid booty with my life : I'll mend

My work , e're they can reach me.

[*Rises upon his knees.*]

Enter

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Cleop. Where is my Lord? Where is he?

Char. There he lyes,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleop. My fears were Prophets; I am come too late,
O that accurs'd *Alexas*! *Runs to him.*

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? And thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleop. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help.

[They place him in a Chair.]

Ant. I am answer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.

Cleop. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that returns upon the spur:
So I come back for thee. *[to me:]*

Cleop. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel
Now show your mended faith, and give me back
His fleeting life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleop. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true; I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my death:
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dolabella*—

Cleop.

Cleop. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now

Ant. Enough; My Life's not long enough for more:
Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleop. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too.

Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day:
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
Just 'till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love;
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th' utmost joys: What Ages have we liv'd?
And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.

Cleop. Your words are like the notes of dying Swans
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love?

Ant. No, not a minute,—This one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*. [Dies.

Cleop. O, tell me so again;
And take ten thousand kisses, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One look: do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleop. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;

58 *ALL for LOVE: Or,*

For 'tis to that high title I aspire ;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive , to mourn him dead : My nobler Fate
shall knit our Spousals with a tie too strong
For *Roman* laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die ?

Cleop. Why shou'dst thou make that question ?

Iras. *Cesar's* most merciful.

Cleop. Let him be so

To those that want his mercy. My poor Lord
Made no such cov'nant with him , to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cesar's* pride !
What , to be led in Triumph through the streets ,
A spectacle to base *Plebeian* eyes ;
While some dejected Friend of *Anthony's* ,
Close in a corner , shakes his head , and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruin'd him ?
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.

Iras. I only fear'd

For you ; but more shou'd fear to live without you.

Cleop. Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be Quick, my Friends
Dispatch ; e'er this , the Town's in *Cesar's* hands :
My Lord looks down concern'd , and fears my stay ,
Lest I shou'd be surpriz'd :
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You , *Charmion* , bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em , the wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury !) for him who now lyes dead ;
You , *Iras* , bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. The Aspicks , Madam ?

Cleop. Must I bid you twice ? [*Ex. Char and Iras.*
'Tis sweet to die , when they wou'd force life on me,
To rush into the dark aboad of Death ,
And seize him first , if he be like my Love ,
He is not frightful sure.

We're

We're now alone, in secrecie and silence,
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; *Octavia* does not see me;
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms.—O welcome, welcome:

Enter Charmion, Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleop. Short ceremony, Friends:
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's head: He fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'dst triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These en signs of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleop. Dull, that thou art! Why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess, so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again. My second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of *Anthony*.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleop. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer *Cesar* too, like him,
And win my share o'th' World. Hail, you dear relicks
Of my immortal Love.
O let no impious hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: let *Aegypt* give
His death that peace, which it deny'd his life.
Reach me the casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit the Aspick lyes. [ceiver!

Cleo. putting aside the leaves Welcome, thou kind de-
Thou best of Thieves, who with an easie key
Dost open life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves; discharging so

Death's dreadful office better than himself ;
 Touching our limbs so gently into slumber ,
 That Death stands by , deceiv'd by his own image ,
 And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. within] The Queen , where is she ?
 The town is yielded , *Cæsar's* at the gates.

Cleop. He comes too late to invade the rights of Death
 Haste , bare my arm , and rouse the Serpent's fury.

[Holds out her arm and draws it back.

Coward flesh—

Would'st thou conspire with *Cæsar* , to betray me ,
 As thou wert none of mine ? I'll force thee to't ,
 And not be sent by him ,
 But bring my self , my Soul to *Anthony*.

[Turns aside , and then shows her arm bloody.

Take hence ; the work is done.

Serap. within.] Break open the door ,
 And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now , *Charmion* , to be worthy
 Of our great Queen and Mistress.

[They apply the Aspicks.

Cleo. Already , Death , I feel thee in my veins ;
 I go with such a will to find my Lord ,
 That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every limb ,
 And now 'tis at my head : My eye-lids fall ,
 And my dear Love is vanish'd in a mist.

Where shall I find him , where ? O turn me to him ,
 And lay me on his breast—*Cæsar* , thy worst ;
 Now part us , if thou canst. *Dies.*

Iras sinks down at her feet , and dies ;
Charmion stands behind her chair , as dressing her head.
Enter Serapion , two Priests , Alexas bound , Egyptians.

2 Priests Behold , *Serapion* , what havock Death has
 made !

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen; the last
Of her great Race: I follow her.

[*Sinks down & dies.*]

Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: Much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

Serap. See, how the Lovers sit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.

Th' impression of a smile left in her face,
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another World.

Cæsar's just entring; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety

To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,

Secure from human chance, long Ages out,

While all the storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;

And Fame to late Posterity shall tell,

No Lovers liv'd so great, nor dy'd so well.



E R R A T A.

P. 27. l. 10. *for they read thy.*

P. 23. *last line, read Flatter.*

P. 50. *last line but one, for at read as.*

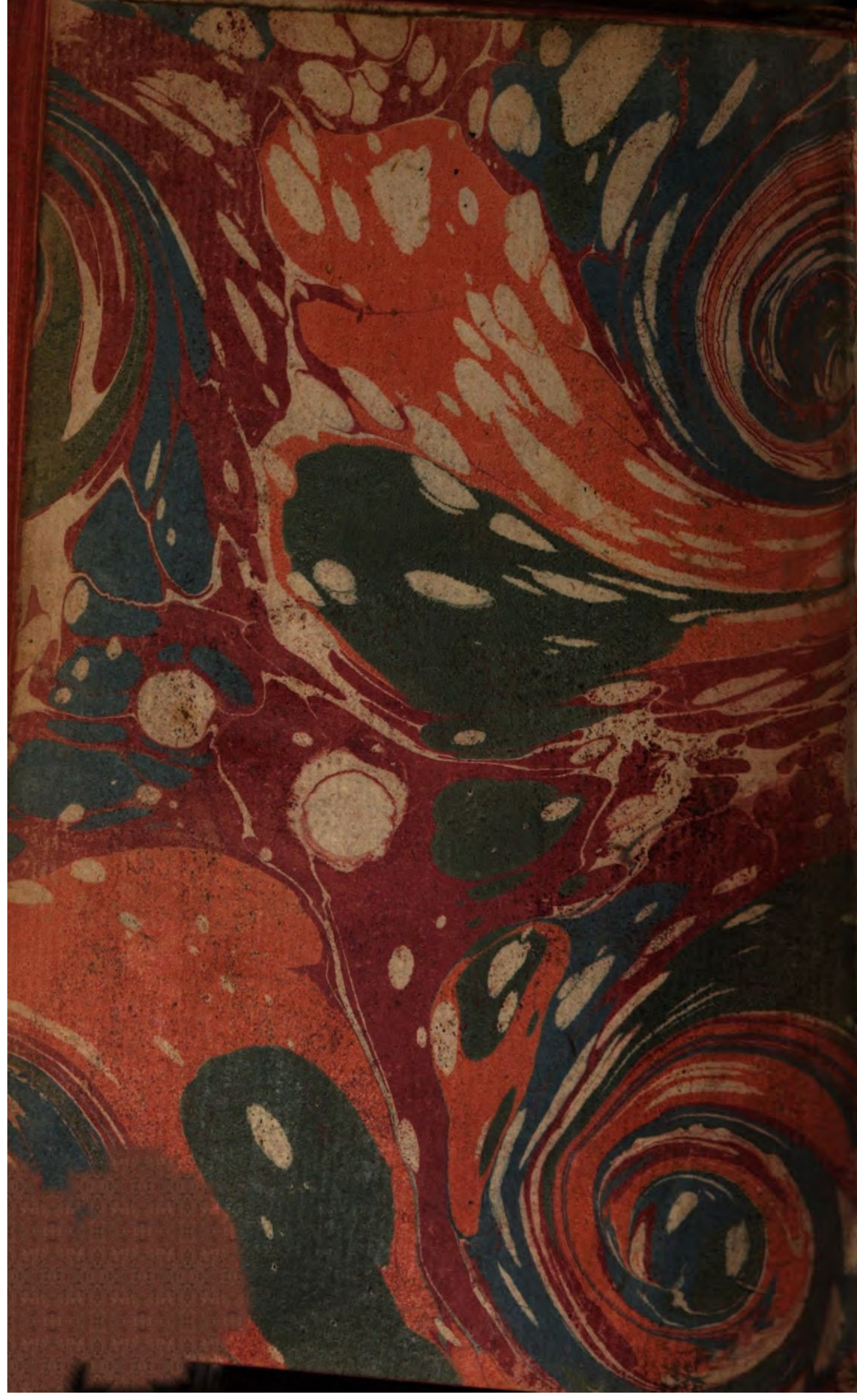
P. 68. l. 9. *read, nobler.*

EPILOGUE.

POets, like Disputants, when reasons fail,
Have one sure refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their equipage of wit.
We wonder how the Dev'l this difference grows,
Betwixt our Fools in verse, and yours in prose;
For, 'saith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil-war with their own flesh and blood.
The thread-bare Author hates the gawdy coat;
And swears at the gilt-coach, but swears afoot.
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle, the Glass,
If pink or purple best become his face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your wit just as you like his Plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays. }
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Wou'd quietly sue out his Writ of ease.
Yet, if he might his own Grand-Jury call,
By the fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's pow'r the Mens ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the world for Love.
Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a Fudge.
Let not the young and beauteous join with those;
For shou'd you raise such numerous hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's work to please you all.

F I N I S.

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